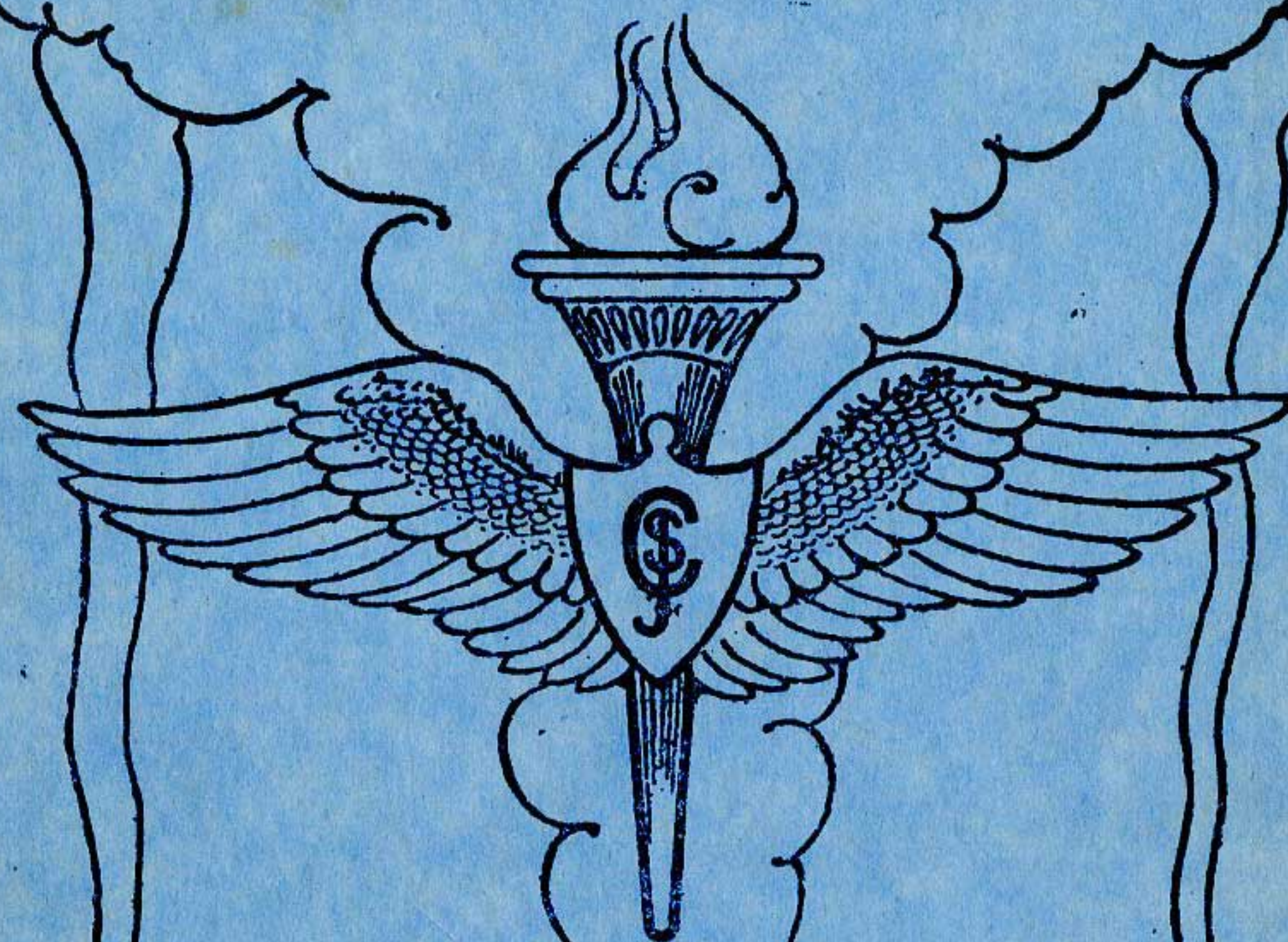


# FORWARD



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Vol. V

No. 3

Edited in the interests of the Students of  
**St. Joseph's College**  
85 BLUFF, YOKOHAMA, JAPAN

July

1926



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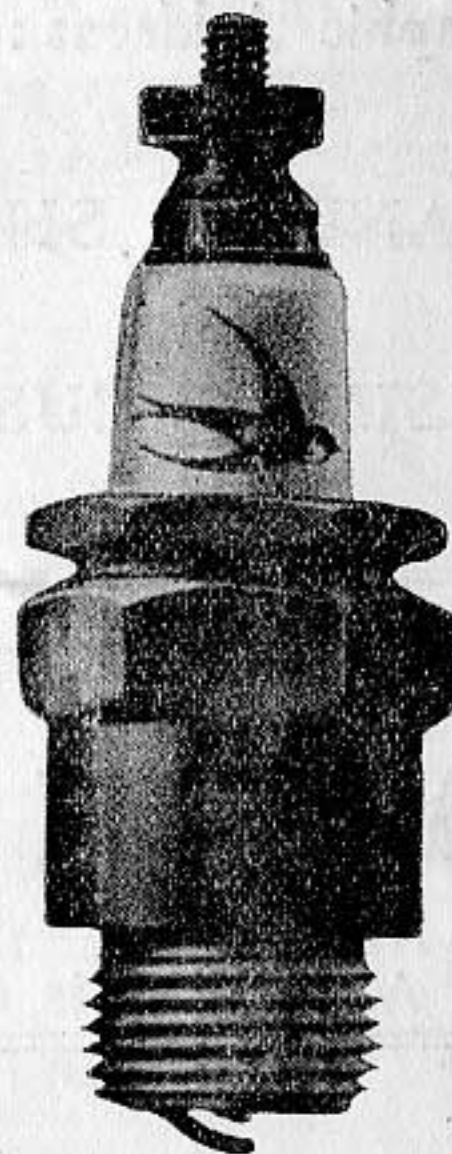


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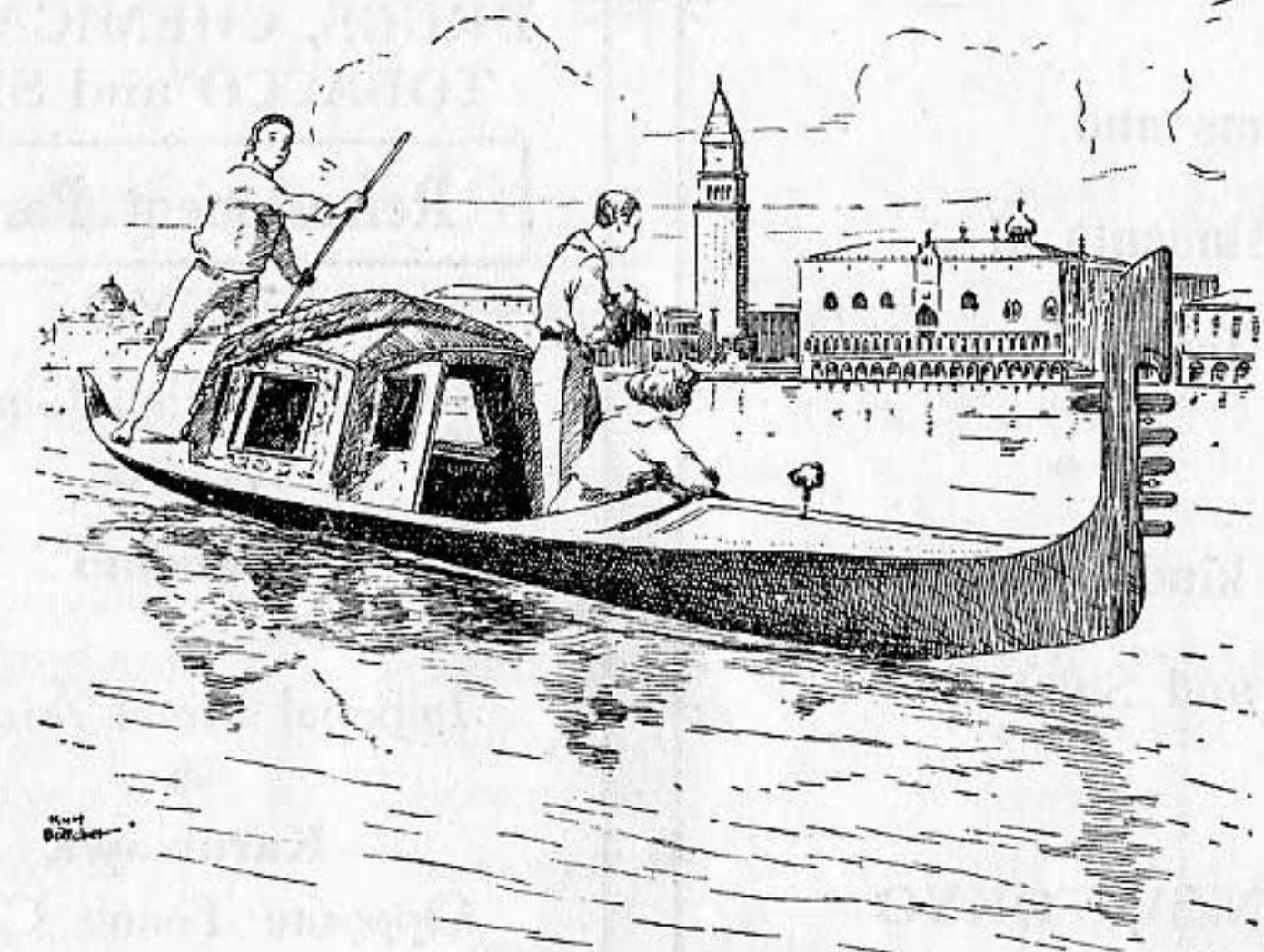


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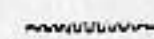
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— Faculty Supervision —

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## God Speed the Departing Seven!

G. M.

IT is again the time for growing sentimental over the exit of the College's honor students for the scholastic year 1925-26. We pardon ourselves for growing sentimental because we harbor so much more genuine sympathy than mere sentiment for these young somebodies who have stuck it out at S. J. C. to win their blue ribbon and laurel and to give the old gold-emblazoned school-flag their last salute. The call to the Commencement must stir their hearts like the trumpet-blast that summons the glory-covered hero to his final review save that theirs is the call to fare forth and win their way to distinction by serving God and their country as their solicitous Alma has all these years been teaching them to do.

Just as long ago for all of us, so for these Seven, Commencement Day is to relegate their College career to the domain of history. They can hardly help feeling the thrill of its solemnity since it is to bear so significantly upon their after-life. Tho usage has made the phrase threadbare, it is anyhow true that these young graduates are on the threshold of life—and that is a critical spot.

We don't want them to move from it without our sincere wishes that thence they may go the right way and go well.

Since the great Quake-Fire—now we date from that epochmaking disaster,—this is the third squad of banner students that St. Joseph's College is sending out into the unfenced world. Like their illustrious forbears, they made the school their other home for the biggest part of the ten years that round out its academic cycle. What they have accomplished, both the annals of the school and the pages of the "Forward" amply testify. Comment upon it is not necessary especially since the seal of future striving has still to be impressed on it.

A questionnaire about the graduating class presented by the eulogist to their junior comrades registered the following characterization: "Good at sports; united; jovial; school spirit; studious; quiet; ambitious and enthusiastic in their work." Frequently perhaps while the years of their school-life were rolling by, these lads may have heard many bad things reported about themselves; well, now they know some of the



good ones and we hope this flattering tribute will serve as a freshener for helping them to do and to dare in a world generally indifferent, often cruel, and in contending with which only the courageous bear off the palm.

The laureled Seven seem, as they pause on the threshold, to have an intimation of what lies before them. The age-old "Per aspera ad astra" which the none too popular Latin master casually dropped to instance a point of grammar, was eagerly seized as the best embodiment of their ideals and down it went as the very motto that their circled wreath of Blue and White should forever enclose.

So forth they go laden with the spoils of their industry, panoplied with the intellectual armour forged at the S. J. C. athanor. The College has mothered these young men only in view and in terms of life because life is a business everybody is apt to mismanage; and now, that they are about to come to grips with its stern

realities, now that the theory of life with which she has indoctrinated them is to become fully operative, Alma Mater cannot but be more than ever interested in the fortunes of this *nova proles* she is about to send out into the wide world. She will rejoice to hear of the Blue-and-White Seven's success; she will give signs of distress should failure—for short or for long—dog their path, and in whatsoever way she may be able, will help them to their bearings once again; then, as now and as ever before, she will prove the genuineness of her title, Alma Mater.

May the Blue-and-White Seven in their turn, thru all the varying vicissitudes of life, ever preserve an unflinching loyalty to their dear old S. J. C.!

With a tearful goodbye, we wish them all good things for now and forever!

VIVANT SEPTEM CONSTAN-  
TES!

## The Efficiency Expert

I. Agafuroff '26

"BRING in the 5-cent cigars!" said I to the office boy, for an efficiency expert had called.

"Without efficiency," began the expert, "you are lost. This is the age of efficiency. We must eliminate the duplication of effort—cut down the lost motion. Did it ever strike you how much energy a dog wastes by wagging its tail?"

I shook my head. I was impressed.

"Ten years from now," declaimed the efficiency expert, "the dog's tail will have a string tied to it and will operate a generator."

Here he held forth a loose-leaf booklet bound in black leather.

"See," said he. "Statistics! I have them all. I can quote figures on almost everything—in kilowatt hours or in calories. With my figures as the basis of your analysis, you will have no waste, and you will be able to get out of any operation as much as you put into it."

"I get more."

"Impossible."

"My furnace," I insisted, "produces three tons of ashes from one ton of coal."

"You are jocular!" the expert replied.

Jocular! It was a great word and I was determined to look it up later. Then I could make an impression by dropping it off-hand at the club.

"Do you know the exact meaning of efficiency?" he inquired with a superior air.

"Fish in sea?"

"No, no, efficiency, ah! I see you have a dictionary. Look it up."

"Efficiency; same as above." I read aloud. "That's a queer definition."

He became coldly polite. "I suggest," he rebuked, "that you see what is above."

"Efficacy, power to succeed," I read.

"Power to succeed," he repeated. "That's what I'll bring you. I see glorious new buildings" and closing his eyes and gesturing toward the window he uttered—"rising on yonder vacant lot."

"Do you?" I asked with sudden

interest. "My competitor owns that piece of land."

He swallowed confusedly. "How," he started again, "would you reduce the working hours in your plant from 10 to 5?"

"Shut down at 1 o'clock."

"Hopeless!" he muttered feebly. "You miscomprehend my thoughts."

"Once in a while I incline to these efficiency ideas," I went off again.

"Never say, once in a while. The efficient man says twice in a while."

"Five times in a while," I continued desperately, determined to have my say, but again he shut me off.

"Your business, made efficient by me would astound the world. The last plant in which I installed the scientific management broke all the records in their business."

"Eh!" I inquired gloomily, munching at my twice chewed gum. "That won't do for me though."

"Why not?"

"I am a phonograph record manufacturer." I said and pointed to the door. He was vanquished.

## Elective Education

W. H. Helm '26

"GEE Whiz" sighed Dick Blake as he sat at his desk, idly twirling a pencil between his fingers, now and then scratching his red head and gazing moodily thru the open window at the merry birds and then at the blank sheet of paper before him. "I have to write one of those blooming narrations again and I haven't the slightest idea as to what I should write."

Suddenly a bright idea struck him; he leaned back in his chair, threw

out his chest, tapped his head and smiled knowingly.

"What a smart fellow I am!" he declared, "Some day I'll surely discover something; why, I've discovered something just now. I know exactly what I'll do. I'll consult a bunch of magazines and get a pack of ideas." "So off he went to the Library, pencil and paper in hand, and with such a determined air that it looked like a turning-point in his career.



"Let's see" he said as he dropped into a chair and picked up magazine No. 1.—"Gee, here's the latest cross word puzzle, I'll have to work it.—'Flat-bottomed Venetian boat' that's easy.—'Gondola.'" And so he kept on for over an hour turning the Library up-side down in his search for historical, geographical and a score of other terms. At last the blank spaces were all filled in. Dick was triumphant.

"That's a proof of my smartness.—Gosh! I forgot. I've got to write that narration yet.—Here's the 'Radio News'—perhaps in here...—What's that, 'Radio Television'—sounds interesting.—But come on, get down to business.—What! they seal up the sets in Japan eh!—hard luck for the experimenter.—Let's see. 'How tubes are evacuated'—I've always wanted to know that.—It won't take long to read it."

Again our noble genius with the burning top was distracted. After some time of vain seeking the meaning of technical terms he suddenly looked at his watch.

"Great guns! I'll be late for supper.—Guess I'll borrow this mag." As he walked briskly home in the fading twilight, he discovered to his extreme disgust that he had accomplished nothing. When he reached home he was accosted by his mother at the door.

"Is Dad in?"

"Yes, and he's waiting for you in his room—seems to have something on his mind."

"I'll be right there." He deposited his hat on the rack and knocked at his father's door.

"Come in," in cordial tones, then a look of mingled surprise and anger stole over his face as his son closed the door behind him.

"Well?"

"What do you mean, father?"

"What do I mean, you jake!—What do I mean! Didn't I tell you this morning that I had some business for you to attend to? Didn't I tell you that the French inventor, Mr. Le Blanc was coming in on the 'President' this afternoon at four? That I would be out of town and that you should bring him home and entertain him till I returned?"

"I-I'm sorry, Dad, I forgot."

"Sorry, eh! A lot of good that will do. You knew that Mr. Le Blanc speaks only French. Nobody in the office does, anyway they didn't know about it. I was depending on you. Here I give you a little responsibility and you go and miss our biggest chance. You never think of your Dad and his business. Mind you, there's a fortune in Le Blanc's idea and he's taken it to some other company. Naturally I'll not be able to compete. It pains me Richard... my only son, too. What have you been doing since you left school?"

"Nothing."

"Leave the room," stormed the irate parent, purple in the face, "Go to school and learn how to think."

Next day at school, Dick had no work to hand in, and was sent to the Director.

"Richard," said the latter, "your work, here has been entirely unsatisfactory. This is the last straw. You may pack up your books and leave."

Dick hung his head—expelled—what would his father say? It was hard to break the news. Mother was sympathetic, but not father.

"What! you good for nothing fool," said he, "can't you do anything but jabber a few words of French? Still, I'll give you another chance. Here are \$25. Pack up your suitcase and

go to work. And don't you come home till you've proved to be more than a worthless fool. Good-bye." And then with a tinge of tenderness, "Good luck, son!" Dick turned away,

"Good-bye, Dad."

Mr. Blake heard no more about his son for two long years, during which time he yearned for the care-free boy he had so harshly turned out into the wide world. Meanwhile, to his surprise, his business did not ail.

It was summer and the mercury was high, when two gentlemen entered Mr. Blake's private office. Both were heavily mustached and wore dark sun glasses.

"Mr. Blake, I believe," said the older, extending his hand.

"Yes sir, and whom have I the pleasure of meeting?"

"I am Le Blanc, and I have the honor of presenting you your son. He has done wonders in my laboratory during the past year and a half. I am very proud of him. Together we have developed my original idea, which I didn't give to your competitors, and have come to present it to you."

"Is it possible?" cried Mr. Blake, "Of course I accept, but can that be my boy under all those whiskers? Is that you Richard?"

"Father."

Mr. Blake looked years younger.

"This is more than I deserve," said he, "Blake & Son will be a fitting name for our company, with you, Mr. Le Blanc as chief engineer. Come my boy we'll go and tell your mother about it all."

## The Eyes That Sparkled

Kostia Kosloff '26

THE "Nomad" was wrecked. The masts broken by the wind, crashed down upon the bridge-screens with the thundering roll of an avalanche. The well deck was buried under the surging green and the high foc'sle looked gaunt through the driving spray. The infuriated waters dashed and leapt and smacked their blistering tongues at the reeling, grey, battered bulk that rose and fell helplessly in a bath of foam. The seas had done their work. The ship was deserted. The passengers and the crew had been transferred to the life-boats that flung about in the surf like chips of wood, dangerously tossing over the crests of the dashing waves. Only the captain, the operator and myself remained.

Cool and determined, tho unusually pale, the captain stood at his post. I was with him. Suddenly he turned and with an almost unperceptible nod beckoned me to follow him. We staggered our way thru the vibrating decks. The waves rising on our sides in massive elevations broke down over us their foamy pinnacles that hissed and spluttered and beat into our faces. Reeling we reached the operator's room and entered. The operator was sitting with his back to us. His fingers were feverishly tapping the transmitter. On our entrance he turned. He was just a boy, a lad of perhaps 19 summers. His face was fresh, young, covered with soft natural down....all about him bespoke of boyishness, of youth.



"Any answer?"—

"No, our S. O. S. is not answered." The boy replied.

"Not answered!...but the life boats will not keep up on that boiling surface for another half an hour" breathed in the skipper. A silence ensued, a hideous, a dreadful silence. Again the skipper spoke.

"The Nomad is settling down in a few minutes. You are free.

Save yourself."

But the boy did not move. His lips curled into a smile.

"I will stay," he declared.

"Stay" we fairly gasped.

"Yes,"—the answer was stern, resolute, determined. "I will stay and send messages under water. This cabin is water-proof,"——— This was a heroic moment; a moment of self-sacrifice, of self denial when an impulse of nobleness and love triumphs over the fear of death.

"I admire you my boy,"—the words were spoken by the captain, they were simple words. Yet in that brief moment both men understood each other and those few, little words conveyed both undeniable masculine admiration of heroism and an adherence to duty.

We bid a sad farewell. And out-

side the wind whined and wailed and wept and again mockingly breathed scorn and contempt into our ears. In that last moment I looked at the lad, at his eyes, perhaps expecting to find there the reflection of fear or restrained horror. Yet I found none. They were clear, sparkling eyes. Like two great glowing embers of coal they gleamed, radiating forth strength, power, personality, and joy. Yes there was joy in those eyes, joy diffused in a myriad glittering tints that played and burnt and died in the bottomless blue of his pupils.

\* \* \*

Many years have rolled away since that eventful day and time has obliterated its vividness. But when on an autumnal day the golden bars of the sun play and bathe and shower sparks in the deep, sleepy waters of the ocean I see those sparkling eyes. I see the storm. The boiling triumph of waters and the helpless bulk of the ship as it loomed in full sight, huge and black and ugly yet strangely dignified and then vanish forever into the spouting chaos beneath and again I see the hailing rescue-ship.

His message under water had been answered. We were saved.

## The Song That Lingers

Stanley Dresser '26

A HORSEMAN was riding calmly along. On all sides of him stretched the bare and tawny plain dotted with low hills, beyond which, to the north, snow-peaks of the Guadarama cut sharply into the blue sky.

The young man had ridden for some time, while the thin wind, of which the Madrilo proverb says that

it "will spare a candle-flame and blow out your life," kept fanning him as it passed upon its trackless path.

Ahead of him the road wound away into the distance, rising and falling, and losing itself at length in a drab plain which mounted towards the south, until the deep blue of the upper air and its own tones of tawny haze seemed to meet.

"Bah, it's growing cold!" said Maximilian to himself, and quickened his horse. The setting sun fell upon his tanned visage. This was rather long and narrow with a distinct claim to good looks in spite of the loose-set eyes and the slightly indrawn mouth.

Maximilian with his lithe square figure and high featured face was the last remaining link of the wealthy Growly family. Fate seems to set a limit to all prosperities whether of a family or of a race; and during the last seven generations the once splendid heritage had been handed down from father to son with ever-diminishing boundaries, until Maximilian opened his eyes upon a world which endowed him with but a few acres of unproductive land and a mansion, the narrow windows of which looked out southward upon a domain half prairie, half swamp, where bustards bred and the wild herd wandered; and northward upon a rising land of dense forests, above which towered the mighty summits of the Sierra.

To this estate a few tenants still clung with a feudal pertinacity, and eked out a meagre livelihood as charcoal-burners, struggling farmers and game-hunters.

Maximilian, an orphan, was left to the care of two old comrades of his father who, although they were honourable men, proved in the event but unjust stewards of his property; so that when the time came for the youth to be his own master, he found he was master of little else besides.

For years he had been happy enough. There was a singular quality of charm in the strong-spirited lad, who schooled himself to self-control as he attained manhood. His lack of money; a far from uncommon lack among his equals, had given him small cause for regret. His real wor-

ries began when his two guardians conspired against him and turned him out a wandering sheep at the mercy of the wilds.

As he rode on, ruminating over his happy boyhood days when his mother smiled upon him as only a mother could do and provided for his needs with indescribable love and tenderness, he gradually became absorbed in the sweet remembrance of her. "Mother, mother," he half whispered to himself. That was all he wanted.——So his thoughts ran; and he heaved a short sigh, and again the dull, abstracted look passed across his face, and for a while he rode in silence.

Suddenly his ears, though greatly deadened by worries and anxieties, were excited by a faint mellow tone of a woman's voice. He stopped his horse. He seemed paralyzed in his saddle. The magic tune that struck him so mysteriously was issuing from a log cabin, poorly built in a cluster of pines. He mechanically urged his Blanco towards the cabin and listened. Had it been another song, he might have passed on, but as he drew closer and closer, he recognized in the soft, sweet voice, tinged with an inexplicable richness, the same and ineffaceable lullaby which his fond mother used to sing for him at his bedside. He tried to recall the words, but failed and he joined instinctively in the song with a low hum.

The song grew faint and gradually died away. All was still for a while. Then shadows passed and repassed the narrow window and finally the light vanished. Now a dead silence enveloped the surroundings, only to be disturbed by the distant barks of coyotes and the low mournful murmur of the night wind. And Maximilian sadly moved on, his bowed head full of the doleful recollections.



## JUNE 24TH.

The waves of Time sing countless tales of glorious deeds of men,  
That echo through the vale of years and fade in Memory's glen.  
But there's a song which e'er shall live in every human soul,  
A song that rings from heaven to earth and peals from pole to pole!  
And thus the ancient sages sang, a thousand years ago,  
And thus will sing the men to come, as ages onward flow:

"The greatest deed that man can do, a sunbeam for mankind,  
Is give his life to serve and save his neighbor's soul and mind.  
To him the deed shall always grace the thorny paths he trod,  
For, giving up his life for men, he gave it up for God!"

A Grateful Student



## Salutatory

By Alfred Agajan.

IT is a singular honour for me to welcome you, in the name of the Class of '26, on this our graduation day. We are the third Class to graduate since the great catastrophe of 1923, but the first since then privileged to welcome you to the Commencement exercises at the old home of the College in Yokohama.

With eagerness we have waited for the dawn of this happy day. We are here to commemorate the embarking of the 24th Senior Class upon the great Sea of Life. How checkered with all manner of vicissitudes, how full of storms and contrariety, God alone knows; yet, despite all, may He deign so to direct it that it be but a lengthened shadow of our memorable school days!

Words can hardly express our gratitude towards the College Staff for its unceasing, unstinted contribution to our development. May the advices and principles, which it has been their chief concern to inculcate into our minds and hearts, serve as a beacon light to guide us on through all the devious paths of life unto success both temporal and final.

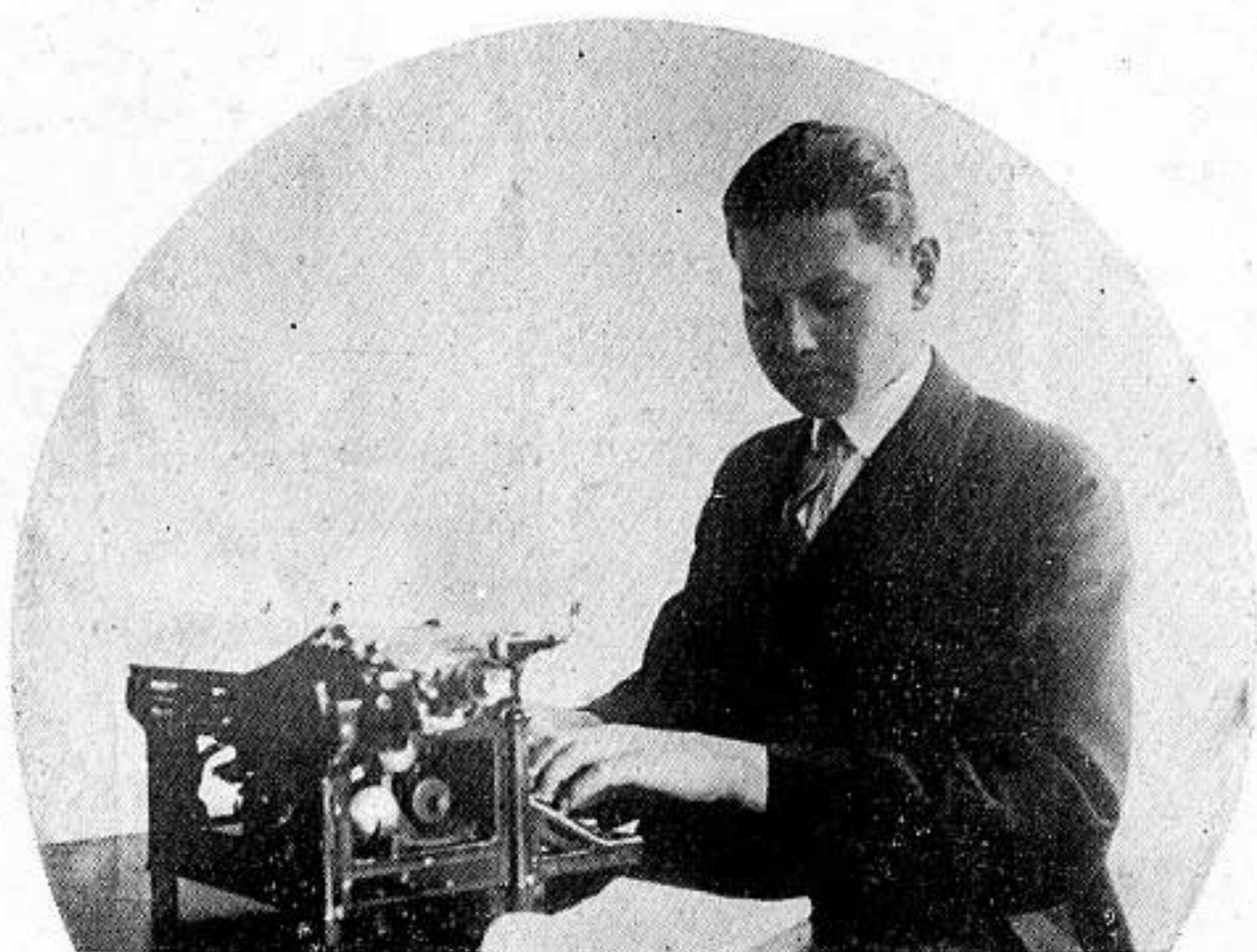
Dear Parents:—Your untiring efforts have made this day not only a possibility but the present bright and glorious reality. You have guided us through life, keeping us clean and free from evil influences—you have encouraged us in the face of apparent failure and urged us on. And now, it is with a feeling of supreme satisfaction that we extend to you our greetings of welcome to share in the triumph which all these long years you have been uninterruptedly preparing for us.

Fellow Students:—We, who are about to graduate, have reached the peak of academic success and loth as we are to quit your merry company we must withal. Do your work conscientiously for the years will soon flit by, and, before long, you in turn will find yourselves on the height on which we now stand. "Perseverance is the mother of Success." Keep this in mind and you will overcome all obstacles.

I bid you welcome to this closing of the drama of our school days. May we, in the years to come, be in a position to accept your welcome to similar functions when the day of your glory will have come.

Cordial greetings of welcome then to all of you who have kindly condescended to add to the solemnity of our Commencement Day.





Iskandar Agafuroff

**"THE MONUMENTS OF WIT AND LEARNING ARE  
MORE DURABLE THAN THE MONUMENTS  
OF POWER OF THE HANDS."**

ON October 25, 1908 Iskandar Agafuroff enriched humanity with his intelligent self. He was born on the border of the lofty Ural Mountains and spent there quietly his babyhood days. In the year 1917 the harpies of Revolution devastated his peaceful home and he fled to Vladivostock with his family and thence came to the land of the Rising Sun.

He joined this celebrated class in the fourth grade and his outstanding memory and ambitious ardor pulled him easily and gloriously up the ladder of the last six grades. Indeed Aga is a good worker, he is interested in typewriting but somehow he does not believe in the inviolability of mathematical laws for when he perceives no issue of solving a theorem he wittingly extricates himself by resorting to his significant "sorts-of" and "kinds-of" and then nothing in the world can shatter his newly established solving fundamentals.

Our hero's buxom appearances and his frequently uttered, inviting sentence "sobaya ikoka" earned him the name of "Fatty" but as the years sped and the boy's solidarity developed it was changed for a more respectable one of "Aga".

Aga not infrequently imprints his sweet self on the glossy paper of a photo-card and when we ask him why he does it so often he declares convincingly that he has grown so tall that his folks at home will fail to recognize him. Aga, they must be very fond of your photographs.

When Aga is in a jovial mood he is peculiarly delighted to call everybody a "bum" but when his temper reverses his extemporation of disappointment is "hang it all".

Lately Aga has exhibited his dormant acting abilities in the French Comedy where he played a prominent part...the revelation of this new talent of Aga's has given us all much of a surprise and we really believe that he is an altogether unsurmised man.

"Fat", allowing the intimacy, is an enthusiast in sports. You can always hear his drawling voice repeating "kimi, let's get a game". He has become an athlete thru his persistent and regular training and now crowns his efforts by being a prominent player on the basket-ball, foot-ball and base-ball teams.

He is the guard on the school's quintet and is especially graceful in looping the pill on a "run-up" shot, scoring with ease the beautiful ones. He is also our foot-ball custodian and this year has done some wonderful work in handling some of the hot-pilling drives. That's the style! old man, you have often pulled the team thru many a tight squeeze.

In base-ball he keeps the initial sack and his six-foot height enables him to grope easily at any wild ball, making the batters down and out as easily as if he were memorizing a recitation.

Fat is loathe to leave the school and part with his chums but he says they will soon hear of him as a manager of some big plant.



LOOPING THE PILL





Alfred Agajan

"I SLEPT, AND DREAMED THAT LIFE WAS BEAUTY;  
I WOKE, AND FOUND THAT LIFE WAS DUTY."

**C**URLY haired, jovial of countenance, and of an impressive stature bordering on the six-foot mark, and last but not least, adorned with a pair of gold-rimmed "specks" comfortably perched on his Grecian nose; in short, this is a pen picture of our hero. In addition to these characteristics, a lordly bearing gives the final tone to his personality.

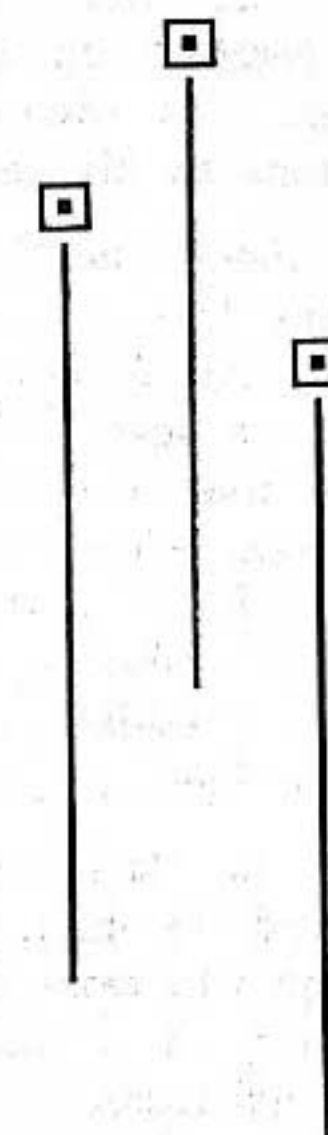
Our illustrious chum, with all these afore mentioned distinguishing traits plus the dignified name of Alfred Agajan, first saw the light of day amidst the smiling panorama of the Caucasian Mountains. Soon after the World War began, Alfie, who was then six years old, journeyed to Yokohama together with his family. After five years of quiet life, three of which were spent in picturesque Korea, Alfred finally joined the ever happy and ever buzzing ranks of Mr. Higli's squad. Having thus embarked on his scholastic career Alfie pushed industriously on until he attained his present "pinochle of success" as President of the Class of '26,—always pensive, zealous, and ready to oblige.

Every morning at 8:20 sharp Alfie enters the classroom attired in golf pants, a pack of books under his arm and his mien lit up with serene contentment. And when his classmates begin to tease him, Alfred assumes a haughty attitude and starts talking in a vehement and convincing manner. When all his arguments are exhausted Alf invariably concludes with "Sack de pap"—a modified French exclamation which for him is by no means a sign of surrender.

As a sportsman Alfred is a good hand at tennis, smashing the balls nonchalantly to this and that corner. When it comes to his literary talents, it will suffice to state that he is this year's Editor of the Forward—and we admit that's an eminent position. Alfius is quite an actor too. His promenade along the footlights this year as the Danish king, Oswald, is the brightest gem in the crown of his theatrical achievements.

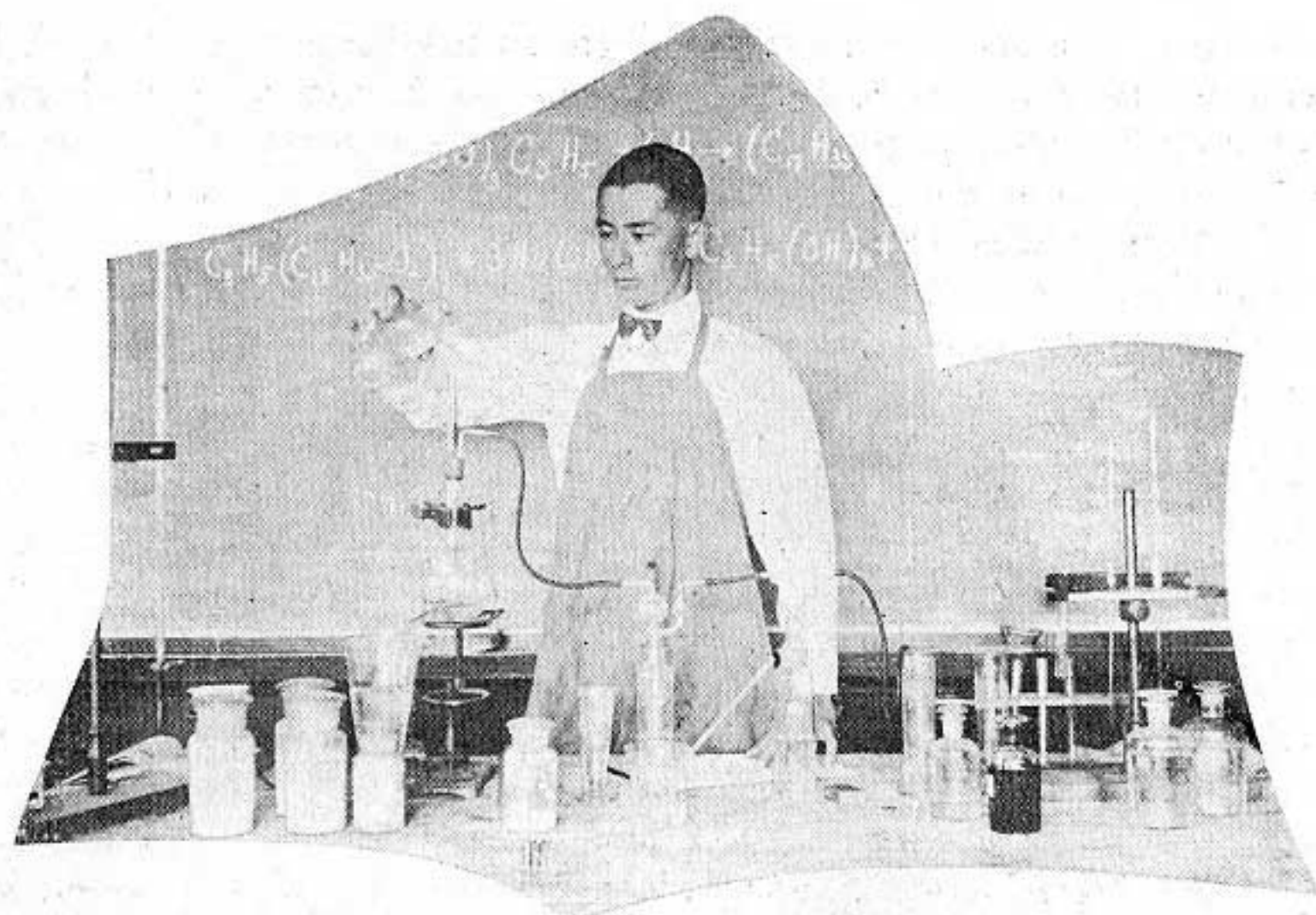
When Alfred suspects some of his classmates to be tampering with the truth he says: "Go on" and when quite convinced of the speaker's perfidy, he invites him to go and tell the same story to his grandmother. "Blow it" denotes his dismay and is a sure symptom that Alfius feels blue. "Habits, both good and bad are the heritage of youth", is a quotation which Alfred takes an immense delight in delivering. And every time he feels romantic and, literary, on the wings of knowledge, he rattles off a string of gems, leaving his classmates amazed at his extraordinary acumen.

Alfred is a budding stenographer, and, if he happens to choose this line as his vocation, we sincerely hope that he will distinguish himself in return for the praiseworthy energy and enthusiasm with which he gave himself to the work. Climb fast Alf, and don't forget us when you get up there!



IN FULL SWING





Stanley H. Dresser

"KNOWLEDGE IS THE TREASURE, BUT  
JUDGMENT IS THE TREASURER OF A WISE MAN"

IT must have been a bright and breezy day when Stanley was born into the world. From his birth he seems to have had an affinity for higher altitudes and if he hadn't been bound tight in his cradle I presume, he would, after the manner of some celebrities have hopped out just to foreshadow his future.

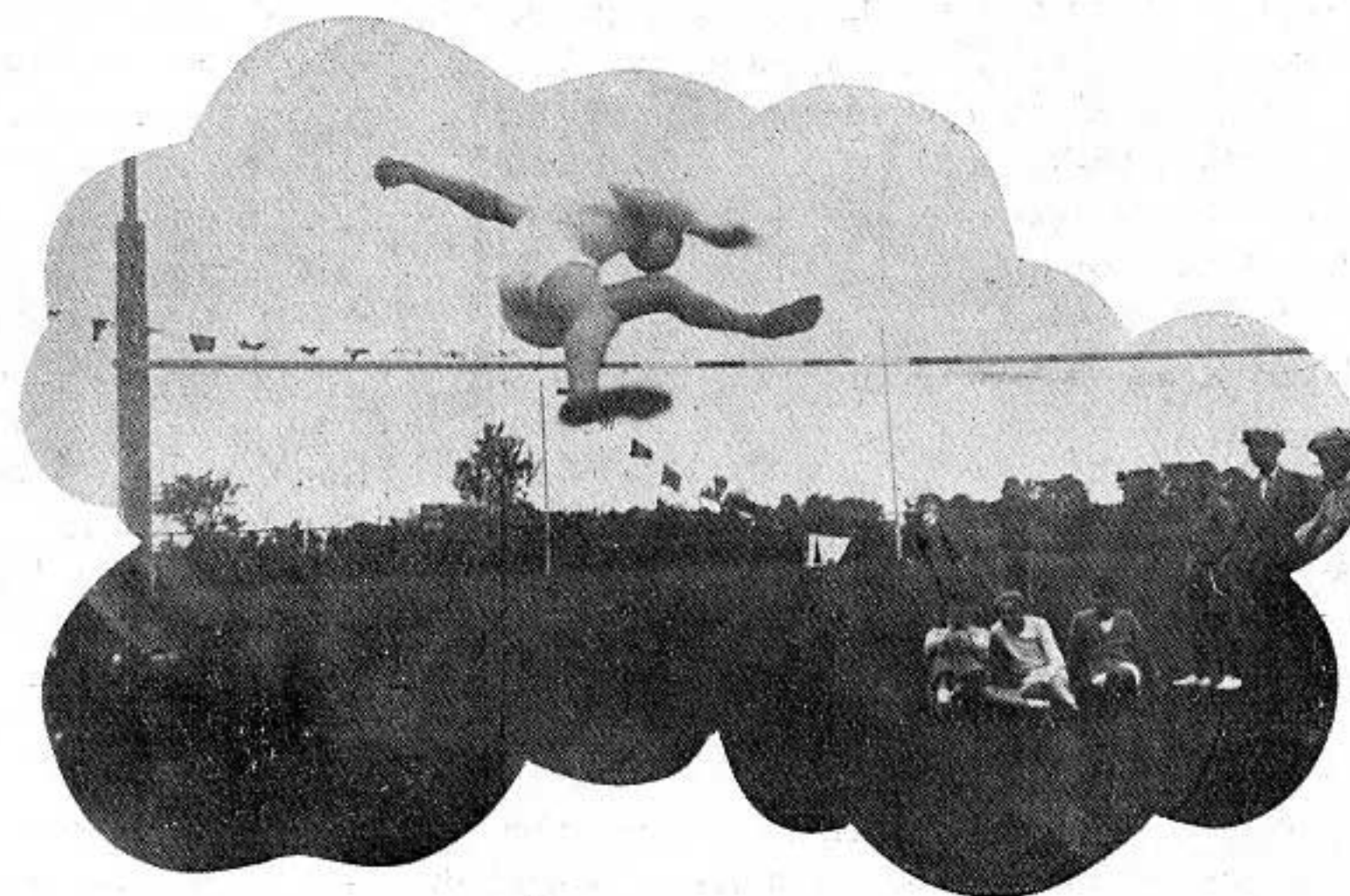
The years glided by and with them grew the assertiveness of Stan's personality. He was now a bright tot with the bright tot's inquisitiveness and when the little things at home failed to bring him new surprises his insatiable mind clamoured for more lights. He was sent to Konan School in Sumiyoshi and six years later made his appearance at S.J.C. Here his initiation was brief, and soon "Stan" by his frank, sociable and cheerful disposition gained popularity among his friends. Stan of today is a "regular gentleman" and his inward tact, politeness and manners win him the respect which is due him as a Senior. But a boy is a boy! And school life is the same for all. As one among many Stan too has made his Waterloo. One fine day, we won't mention who, but some one scratched a cartoon on "Stanko" bearing an ill-disguised intimation that he has a long neck. Since then it has become the chief mark of differentiating him from his classmates and if Stan shows any puffs of discontent it is enough to allude to this point and he is sure to settle to his old mood for fear of being tickled about the teasing spot.

Stanley is an earnest worker and his bent is undoubtedly scientific. May be he is determined to make a "scientific hit". He has been taking a laboratory course and his experiments were usually crowned

with success. He also appreciates trigonometry problems, but if the "Doggoned problem" as he puts it, gets on his nerves or gets his goat, he tears from his seat, clutches some near innocent victim and eases his vindictiveness in a friendly but violent thrash or merciless ringing of his neck. "Haste makes waste" is Stanley's motto, and though Stan likes to do things well he is not altogether averse to taking it easy sometimes or to follow the fangled fancy of fiddling on a violin or the lure of the great outdoors.

Stan has been managing "Forward Ads" for these last three years and his business abilities have made it a success. He declares it a hard job but believes his experience to be most practical in learning the tricks of life.

As to sports, Stan is an all-round athlete. He is a "star" in foot-ball, baseball and basket-ball, but he prefers foot-ball to the rest and it is really a treat to see him flashing down the line with the pig-skin spinning about his feet and then shooting it out in a low and deadly accurate shot to the center. As I have mentioned before, Stanko has a craving for higher altitudes and to confirm the fact, I will simply say that he is the school high jump record holder. When Stan gets into his running togs and goes out practicing, clearing the bar in the vicinity of 5 feet and 7 inches a crowd of boys is sure to attend his athletic exhibition. And then the inevitable happens! Stan would never understand the psychology of a crowd of boys. He says: "if one chuckles the rest will giggle too, and if one comments the rest will do the same." But Stan has long ago acquiesced in all their witty remarks and when some rogue yells out: "Stan you got over that bar like a grasshopper" or "Stanko you got cactus growing on your calves", Stanley grins and looks rather unfriendly at the prodigious growth of hair that mars his lean but sturdy limbs.

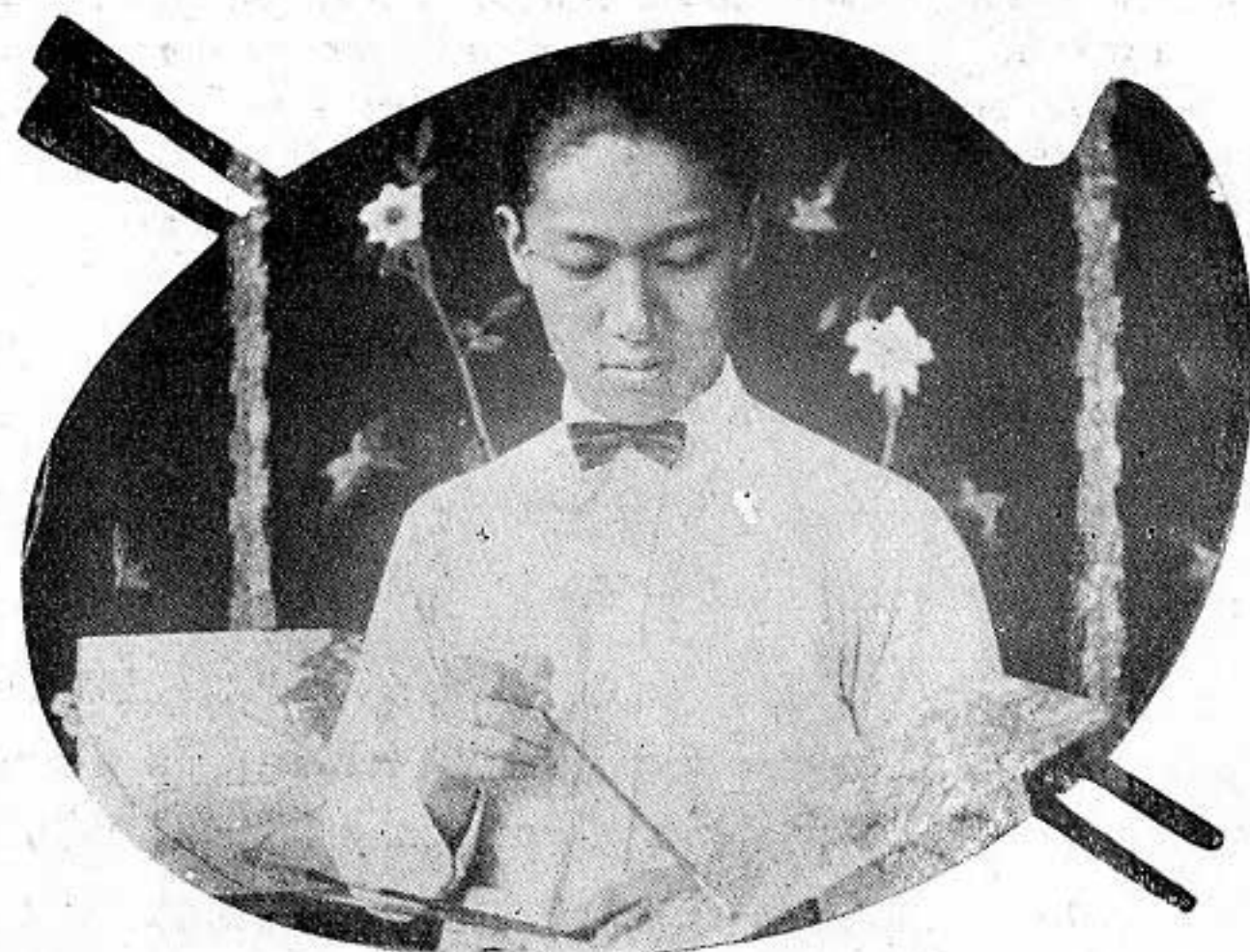


CLEARING THE BAR









Soichi Kawazoe.

"LIFE WITHOUT INDUSTRY IS GUILT.  
INDUSTRY WITHOUT ART IS BRUTALITY."

"KAWA"—by that he goes for short—is the factotum of the class. He stands prominently in almost all branches of study while on the campus he shows himself an all-round sportsman. The stage is a sort of specialty with him having aptitude for even the most divergent roles whether tragic or comic. As a musician he is a prodigy. No matter what instrument he takes in hand he plays it as if he had handled it for years; perhaps he is most conspicuous, among all his accomplishments, as a cartoonist and landscape painter.

As a scholar, he is more inclined towards the mathematical and scientific, and takes keen pleasure in fondly clinging to his statements, which inevitably results in long, heated arguments.

As a sportsman, he has a special liking for swimming and running. He spends his whole summer vacation in the water like a harbor-rat, and so he is one of our leading swimmers. On the track he excels in the 400 meters, and is a regular Pegasus for his more or less fortunate competitors.

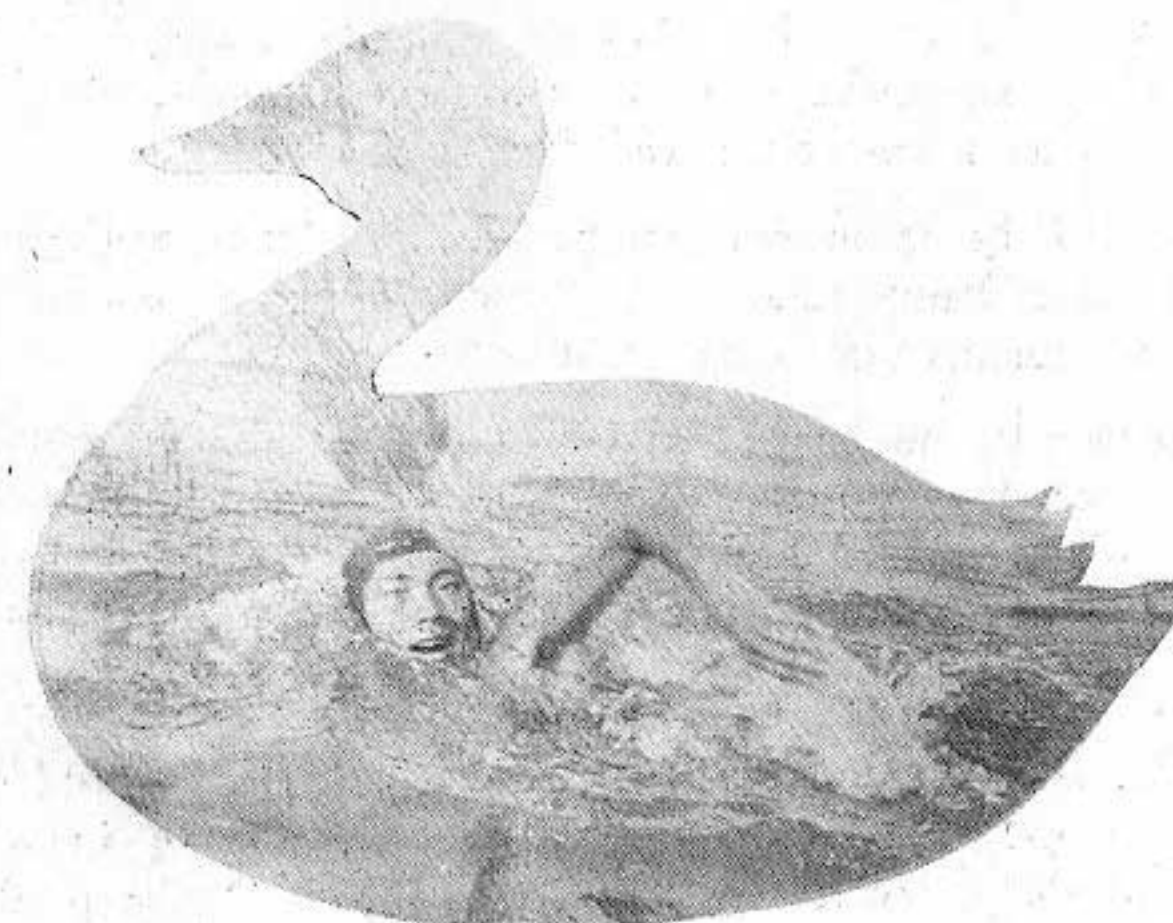
Now as a stage performer, he deserves the title "Masson Junior." He surprised us more than once in many a pressing occasion with his extremely ludicrous grimaces and gesticulations. He acquired an imperishable name before the Yokohama public when he appeared lately in "The Ruby Ring," "Les Fourberies de Scapin" and "Success At Last—"

Kawa has a surprisingly large musical bump on his cranium, and during his career as a boarder, he proved very entertaining for his comrades, blowing away on his mouth-organ or picking at his mandolin or guitar or at other times, when in better mood, he would stand to his cherished violin and have it talk to the boys. There is still to be mentioned his unusual dexterity in cartooning his school fellows in a true-to-real-life fashion. In this way he has made regular and valuable contributions to our "Forward" thus heightening the humorous element in it. Besides being a cartoonist, he is also a born artist. He is seen from time to time walking about with his outfit, or sitting on his tripod in some shady place with his easel in front, ardently decorating the canvas. He immortalized his name as an expert artist in the memorable exhibition he gave while in Kobe.

Sochan is a jovial chap, but like all he occasionally falls into a sullen mood; then he sits in the class-room dreamy and careless, and when you look at him, you feel like consulting a doctor. He is sometimes even a little eccentric—as all artists are—and thus his ideals do not always compel the sympathy of others.

Kawa is a monopolist of quite a few expressions. When he thinks that the others are inconsistent, he shows his disagreement with "Go on." He uses "Get out" when he hears something incredulous, and "Doggone it" when something unexpected bubbles up.

To sum up on Kawa we label him O.K. as a chap loyal and willing to help his school in whatever way he can.



IN DUCK FASHION





Constantine Kosloff

**"AN IDEAL IS BUT TRUTH CLOTHED IN THE FORMS OF ART"**

OUR Russian hero C. K. esq. was ushered into this bustling world in frigid Siberia. After frequenting a Russian school for three years Kostia decided that a foreign College would be quite beneficial for his language capacities. Accordingly he journeyed to Yokohama and there made his debut in the fifth class as a tot of twelve. Being of the same intellectual caste as his forbears he made rapid progress in English and at present he is one of the leading members of the Senior literary circles.

For short he is called "Koschy" but more ceremoniously he is known as "Gen. Custine" to the Jacobin Club of which he is an honorary member.

As to sports, why he is one of the prominent athletes that shine on the S. J. C. campus. He plunges into everything but his favorite is football. He has a swift kick—shooting the baby balloon from any angle and with such accuracy as if he were "rolling off a log." He holds an honorable position as left-wing on the S. J. C. eleven where he dazzles the opponents with his exceptional footwork and speed. He also defended the honors of the pill-tossers by putting in his share of double-deckers thru the loop. A speed in handling the daisy-cutters secured him the control of the key-stone region in baseball which he upholds with honor.

Koschy is not an angler enthusiast notwithstanding the fact that he recommends this sport to all for often will you hear his grumbling tone drawling out "Go fish" to the admirers of his draughting abilities when the latter become to vehement in their remarks about his inviolable personality. C. K. exercises a keen interest in the study of the Japanese language. Why he can almost say that famous word "Nanjai" like a native of this country. It denotes his disgust in most cases but you can also hear him uttering this expression whenever the labyrinthine ways of some tricky problem become revealed to his keen intelligence. Custine moreover takes a peculiar interest in mechanical drawing and he is quite a "bug" whenever the science of curves and straight lines is concerned. He can also be termed a linguist. His mastery over English and Russian is complete whilst French, Latin and Japanese are on the slope of the hill winding towards success.

C. K. is a jovial fellow, pleasant to talk to, but whenever his moody spells attack his cheerful disposition beware; he will first of all send you a-fishing then append a few names to your cognomen and finally terminate his discourse with a "beat it!" Then a hasty retreat is the only outlet left for an individual.

Koschy has rather a fondness for singing and has made for himself quite a distinguished name as a composer in the boarders' quarters. Unhappily his ambition is not to become a song bird or merely to die in his boots, but to find his fortune in the civilized land of China. Quite commonplace not so? Well we all wish him the best of success.



THE BOOTED KNIGHT





Edward Salter

"HE DOETH MUCH, THAT DOETH A THING WELL"

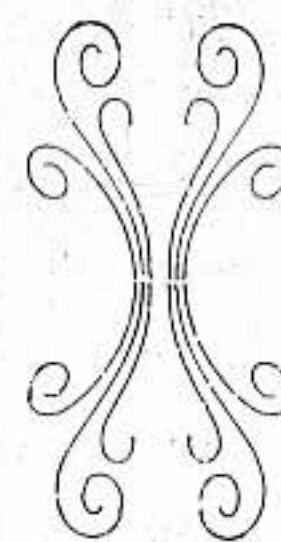
EDDY, or Sampero as he is more commonly called is a quiet and reserved youth of seventeen summers. He was born in Yokohama and has spent all his life in Japan, except for a short but eventful trip to the States. Of his life before commencing his education, we know very little. He entered the first grade and rapidly developed mentally under the tutorship of Mr. Higli. He proved to be an average student, always taking his work conscientiously. Though he manifests no special affection for Latin and Moral philosophy he shows a rather marked tendency towards literature. He is at present our Poet Laureate. Among his hobbies reading takes the most prominent place; his paradise on earth is a cozy corner with a good book.

Teddy does not shine in the athletic field; he was always a modest boy and never liked applause—so he keeps out of the lime light. He has the ability but does not display it; there is but one instance, if I

am rightly informed, of his occupying a position on a team. He likes swimming and running for a recreation and while in Kobe, became quite a prominent hiker.

Eddy is always good natured, never fights and seldom argues. If your opinion differs from his—he should worry—you ought to know better so why debate? His motto is "Silence is gold" so consequently you seldom hear him say his favorite expression. But S. J. C. treatment seems to have varied him a little of this obstinate slogan.

His ambition in life has not yet been officially announced. Eddy, you must have heard, was once ship wrecked, for which experience he holds no grudge (nay, he seems to like the sea the better for it), so a life on the rolling main may be his choice. He is usually quite successful in his undertakings and we hope that his career shall be no exception.



OUR BABE AS BAT



## Haledictory

W. H. Helm

WHAT joy, what exaltation thrills in our hearts to-day? At last we have attained the goal of our scholastic career, Graduation! We are about to cross the threshold of our dear Alma Mater and depart on unknown roads. But on parting we are assailed by memories of bygone days. The passing of this year ushers in the Silver Jubilee of our College. For twenty five years, the Director and respected Members of the Faculty have persevered in their noble work of education. The cataclysm of September 1st practically razed the College to the ground, but by dint of persistent effort, our Teachers have made it rise from its ruins and now it is again careering its old orbit of glory.

The brightest of futures awaits our beloved Alma Mater, and we, its true sons face life with the same spirit. We too are on the eve of a bright future, but it is you, dear Director and Teachers who have equipped us, and now well armed and well provisioned we turn our steps toward the morrow. Classmates, let "Forward" be our motto, for "the life of man is a warfare" in which not to advance is to retrograde.

Dear Schoolmates: We have reached the highest point of success, that it is in the power of our school to bestow, but only by paying the price. Many of you have still far to climb, but if you are persistent, you will reach the coveted heights.

"When it looks like all is up  
Keep a-going.  
Tho' tis work to reach the top,  
Keep a-going!"

Dear Director and respected Members of the Faculty;—

"We go to seek on many roads  
what is to be.  
True hearts and strong  
With faith to light,  
Ah: they will bear us in the fight.  
To order, shun, wield or mold  
Our Destiny!"

Farewell, dear Alma Mater, Farewell! Words fail to express adequately our dear sentiments at this our parting.

## FRANÇAIS

Adresse lue par M. Agafuroff, à l'occasion de la  
visite du Commandant du "Jules Michelet,"  
au Collège.

Monsieur le Commandant,

Pour la population scolaire du Collège St Joseph la journée d'aujourd'hui est une journée de rare bonheur, car les occasions ne se présentent pas souvent de recevoir des visiteurs aussi distingués que celui que nous avons le plaisir de saluer aujourd'hui.

Nous sentons vivement l'honneur que vous nous faites en venant chez nous. Aussi est-ce avec une profonde joie et une légitime fierté que nous vous souhaitons la bienvenue. Nous vous remercions du fond du cœur d'avoir voulu vous arracher aux nombreuses occupations d'une vie aussi absorbante que la vôtre, pour venir nous apporter vos encouragements et l'expression de votre sympathie.

Bien que nous appartenions à des nationalités très différentes nous sommes heureux de saluer en vous, Monsieur le Commandant, le représentant de la France, de ce noble pays que, tous les jours, nous apprenons à aimer et à estimer d'abord par le dévouement de nos maîtres dont un grand nombre sont Français, ensuite par l'étude de votre belle langue qui renferme tant de trésors propres à orner l'esprit et le cœur. Et à ce point de vue nous pouvons nous appliquer avec raison cette pensée que l'un de vos poètes a exprimée à peu près dans ces termes: "Chaque homme a deux patries, la sienne d'abord, et la France ensuite."

Nous sommes heureux, Monsieur le Commandant, de pouvoir profiter de l'occasion exceptionnelle qui nous est fournie aujourd'hui pour exprimer à

la France que vous représentez, nos remerciements les plus vifs et les plus sincères pour ce qu'elle a fait pour le Collège Saint-Joseph par ses représentants au Japon, sous forme d'assistance morale et matérielle. Cette assistance a été appréciée surtout après la terrible catastrophe de 1923, dont, après bientôt trois ans, il reste encore tant de tristes vestiges et dans laquelle notre Ecole a failli sombrer. C'est en grande partie à la générosité de la France que le Collège, après deux ans d'exil à Kobe, a pu se réinstaller à son ancienne place à Yokohama. Mais, hélas! l'œuvre de réparation et de reconstruction est loin d'être achevée—le pauvre local où nous sommes réduits à vous recevoir en est une preuve entre beaucoup d'autres—et l'assistance de la France continuera à nous être indispensable si le Collège Saint-Joseph doit reprendre son fonctionnement normal et si les projets actuels de développement doivent se réaliser. Et nous sommes sûrs que cette assistance, qui nous a été si précieuse dans le passé, ne nous fera pas défaut dans l'avenir.

Pour terminer, permettez-nous, Monsieur le Commandant, de vous exprimer nos vœux les plus ardents pour la réussite de votre mission ici en Extrême Orient. Dieu fasse que la présente visite du Jules Michelet marque un pas de plus dans les relations déjà si cordiales qui ont toujours existé entre la France et le Japon.

Les élèves du Collège St. Joseph.



## Impressions d'un Gradué

L. Agafuroff '26

Rapides s'écoulaient les sables du temps. Les jours, les semaines, les mois, les années s'enfoncent dans l'abîme du passé et portent l'homme avec une rapidité surprenante à travers les différentes étapes de la vie. Voici déjà pour nous le jour de la promotion qui nous place sur le seuil d'une nouvelle existence. Le cœur palpitant de bonheur, nous regardons vers l'avenir, toujours plein d'incertitude et d'imprévu.

Malgré la fascination que cet avenir exerce sur nous, nous ne pouvons nous empêcher de jeter un coup d'oeil sur les années passées au cher Collège St. Joseph, et ce coup d'oeil fait surgir mille souvenirs agréables qui continueront pendant longtemps à hanter notre esprit.

La première image qui se présente est la figure toujours joyeuse et souriante du bon et dévoué professeur des petits. Avec quel entrain il nous communiqua les premiers éléments du savoir humain! Et comme il nous pressa, pendant les heures de récréation, à nous livrer aux nombreux jeux d'enfants en usage à l'école! Vraiment, cette époque de notre vie est celle dont nous garderons le plus doux souvenir.

La 5ème et la 6ème année amenèrent une recrudescence de dépense physique et d'activité sportive. Ces années se distinguèrent par les nombreux concours de jeux entre les différentes classes. Aussi distinctement qu'aux jours d'autrefois, il me semble entendre les hurrahs retentissants des adhérents des classes respectives encourageant leur équipe favorite à la victoire.

Vint enfin l'année où de grands travaux furent entrepris à l'école en vue de son extension. Plusieurs maisons de la propriété furent démolies, le terrain fut nivelé et un superbe bâtiment scolaire en ciment armé ne tarda pas à remplacer les anciens locaux. Le va et vient des ouvriers, le bruit des outils et des machines dérangeant souvent nos jeux et notre travail, caractérisa cette époque.

Ces travaux avancèrent assez vite pour permettre de faire la distribution des prix dans le nouveau bâtiment scolaire. Mais le proverbe "L'homme propose et Dieu dispose," devait bientôt après être vérifié à nouveau. La catastrophe mémorable de 1923 survint avec tous ses tristes effets pour le Collège. Deux années d'exil à Kobe passèrent très rapidement et dix mois de plus à Yokohama ont fini de nous porter au jour de la promotion qui marque le terme de notre séjour au Collège.

En cette occurrence nos cœurs éprouvent plus que jamais les sentiments d'affection envers tous ceux qui ont été nos soutiens et nos guides dans cette première phase de notre vie. D'abord les mains douces de nos parents nous ont menés, au prix de mille sacrifices, jusqu'aux portes de l'école. Puis nos maîtres, par leur enseignement et leurs conseils aimables et religieux ont poursuivi et complété l'oeuvre de nos parents. Et toutes ces influences réunies nous ont assistés dans notre ascension vers la vertu et la science. La route, il est vrai, fut âpre et jonchée de difficultés. Combien d'heures n'avons-nous pas passées à nous creuser la tête

pour trouver la solution d'un problème embarrassant ou pour rassembler les matériaux d'une composition! Dans ce travail ardu le souvenir de nos chers parents et les encouragements de nos maîtres nous soutenaient toujours.

Les maîtres qui au commencement de notre carrière scolaire nous reçurent comme de petits enfants, uniquement habitués aux soins maternels, ont essayé de former peu à peu en nous toutes les qualités qui sont la base d'un bon caractère: c'est-à-dire la politesse, la sociabilité, l'esprit de

travail, l'amour du bien. En un mot, ils ont essayé de faire de nous des hommes d'honneur, avec toutes nos aspirations tournées vers Dieu et la vertu. Et il ne nous reste qu'à nous inspirer, dans la suite de notre vie, de leurs exemples et de leur enseignement salubre, pour trouver le bonheur et le succès.

Aussi est-ce le cœur serré et en même temps plein de reconnaissance que nous quittons le Collège, souhaitant qu'il devienne de plus en plus prospère et qu'il puisse voir augmenter d'année en année le nombre de ses élèves!

## Le Chimiste

Kostia Kosloff '26

Il suffit de promener un peu son regard autour de soi pour être sûr de rencontrer de nombreux produits chimiques. N'est-il pas surprenant, en effet, de constater que la plupart des choses les plus nécessaires à la vie sont le fruit des labeurs de nos chimistes, anciens et modernes. Avez-vous jamais réfléchi au simple fait que sans la chimie nous ne pourrions pas même nous laver convenablement? C'est le chimiste qui par ses nombreuses inventions rend notre vie confortable et qui par les médecines nombreuses et variées qu'il prépare soulage nos maux physiques. En un mot, il est un des plus grands ouvriers de la civilisation. Il est vrai que c'est aussi le chimiste qui invente et fabrique les terribles explosifs et d'autres substances destructrices qui exercent de si épouvantables ravages dans les guerres modernes; mais d'une manière générale, ce fait est compensé largement par les innombrables services rendus à l'humanité.

L'oeuvre d'un chimiste consiste à transformer les matières premières de la nature en produits finis qui peuvent être utilisés dans la vie humaine. Mais il y a dans le domaine de la chimie beaucoup de problèmes non encore résolus qui sont très importants à notre bien-être et à notre bonheur, et ces problèmes passionnent beaucoup de personnes qui se dévouent au progrès de cette belle science.

La France possède le plus grand nombre de chimistes éminents, tels que Lavoisier, le créateur de la chimie, moderne, Joseph Louis Gay Lussac, Nicolas Leblanc, Moisson et beaucoup d'autres.

En général les chimistes sont des gens étranges qui en dépit de mille dangers vivent au milieu de vapeurs et de gaz souvent vénéneux, mais qui trouvent leur bonheur à servir l'humanité et n'échangeraient pas leur sort contre le trône le plus riche.



## Regrets d'un Partant

S. Kawazoe

Que le temps passe vite ! Quelques jours encore et il me faudra dire adieu à mon cher Collège. Quand je repasse dans mon esprit les six années de ma carrière scolaire tout ce temps ne me paraît qu'un rêve ; rêve très court, rempli de bonheur et maintenant sur le point de s'évanouir pour jamais.

Les heures passées en classe à recevoir l'enseignement sont certainement les plus utiles pour un écolier ; mais ce ne sont pas d'habitude celles dont il garde l'impression la plus vive. Les événements en dehors de la salle de classe impriment généralement dans sa jeune âme le souvenir le plus profond, parce qu'ils sont pour lui une plus grande source de plaisirs innocents. Et à ce point de vue je puis dire que mon séjour au Collège St. Joseph a été très heureux.

Quels beaux jours n'y ai-je pas passés ! Les concours sportifs tenus au printemps de chaque année, les pique-niques à Yamakita, la solennité de St. Joseph avec ses séances drama-

tiques et musicales, la Noël au Collège, etc., sont des événements que je me rappellerai toujours. Mais il y a d'autres choses qui laisseront une impression plus profonde dans mon âme, c'est le soin assidu et affectueux avec lequel mes maîtres m'ont enseigné les premiers rudiments du savoir humain et le dévouement avec lequel ils m'ont préparé à la lutte pour la vie.

Quand toutes ces joies étaient en ma possession je ne les appréciais guère, mais maintenant qu'elles ne sont plus, j'éprouve un plaisir à la fois doux et mélancolique à les évoquer dans leurs moindres détails.

Dois-je me livrer à la joie, maintenant que j'ai complété mes études au Collège St. Joseph et que l'heure de partir va sonner ? Je ne feins pas d'être un pessimiste, mais j'avoue franchement que je suis très triste et que je donnerais quoi que ce soit pour pouvoir revivre ces heureuses années avec leurs plaisirs innocents et variés.

## Présence d'esprit d'un Interprète Japonais

Stanley Dresser '26

Les interprètes japonais ont la réputation de traduire non pas ce qui a été dit, mais ce qu'ils veulent dire eux-mêmes et cette tendance cause souvent des embarras considérables.

Il arrive cependant, quelquefois, que cette habitude, au lieu d'occasionner des ennuis, produit des effets meilleurs que si l'interprète traduisait exacte-

ment la pensée de son maître. Le cas que je vais vous raconter en est une preuve.

Un jour, dans les temps reculés de la féodalité japonaise, un grand fonctionnaire, commodément installé dans son "Kago," passa par les rues de Nagasaki. Du côté opposé venait un étranger monté sur un cheval magni-

fique. Or c'était la coutume du temps que, si une personne à cheval rencontra son supérieur dans la rue, elle descendit et saluât celui-ci.

En voyant l'étranger venir vers lui le fonctionnaire dit à son interprète : "Ordonne à cet étranger, de quelque nationalité qu'il soit, Français, Anglais ou Américain, de descendre de son cheval et de me saluer."

L'aide-de-camp qui, dans notre cas, faisait fonction d'interprète, pensait en lui-même que s'il traduisait les propres mots de son maître, l'étranger, peu au courant des habitudes du pays, pourrait se sentir offensé. Allant donc

vers le cavalier, il lui dit en anglais : "Monsieur, mon maître que voici, en voyant votre cheval, m'a dit : Quelle magnifique bête ! S'il m'était seulement possible de la voir de plus près. Voulez-vous, s'il vous plaît, satisfaire son désir ?"

Or, chacun sait que, si quelqu'un est complimenté sur ce qu'il possède il se sent flatté et mieux disposé à l'égard de celui qui accorde le compliment. Ce fut le cas de notre cavalier qui d'un visage rayonnant de plaisir descendit aussitôt de son cheval, et menant lui-même sa monture vers le fonctionnaire japonais, salua celui-ci avec la plus profonde politesse.

## La Désobéissance Punie

W. H. Helm '26

Le petit Cyrille passait ses vacances dans la ferme de son grand-père, située non loin de la ville. Comme la mer était à une petite distance de la ferme, l'enfant profita souvent de cette circonstance pour aller prendre des bains de mer et faire des promenades en bateau. De plus, dans la ferme, il y avait beaucoup de poules, de canards, de chevaux et de vaches, qui furent une source de plaisirs innombrables pour l'enfant, grand amateur d'animaux. Mais l'occupation favorite du petit Cyrille était de parcourir les champs avec ses jeunes camarades dont il avait un grand nombre.

A côté de la ferme se trouvait une grande prairie dans laquelle paissait un boeuf féroce. Bien que le grand-père de Cyrille eût souvent averti le petit garçon de ne pas aller dans la prairie, celle-ci gardait une attraction

particulière pour les jeunes enfants. Au centre se dressait un grand pêcher qui étendait ses branches nombreuses chargées de pêches douces et mûres. Paul et Cyrille avaient souvent entendu parler de cet arbre mais ils ne l'avaient jamais vu. Un jour, cependant, la tentation fut trop forte. Cyrille et Paul décidèrent d'aller goûter de ces fruits. Partis à la dérobée, ils gagnèrent bientôt la prairie dont ils escaladèrent la haie, et au bout de quelques instants ils se trouvèrent au pied du pêcher. Cyrille était en train de grimper sur l'arbre quand son ami se mit à crier : "Le boeuf, le boeuf !" tout en courant vers la haie. Le boeuf, voyant le grimpeur se précipita vers lui. Cyrille tout effrayé criait à son ami de venir l'aider, mais que peut un faible enfant contre un boeuf irrité ? Le petit voleur, jetant un rapide coup d'oeil



vers la bête, comprit qu'il était trop tard de descendre de l'arbre, et il ne lui restait qu'à monter plus haut pour échapper aux cornes du méchant animal.

Les deux enfants se mirent à pleurer. Or, le soleil était en train de se coucher et il commença à faire sombre; mais le boeuf resta au pied

de l'arbre et ne voulait pas partir. Heureusement, le grand-père de Cyrille, attiré par les cris de détresse, arriva au secours de son petit-fils. Ce dernier, ayant reçu une bonne réprimande, demanda pardon à son grand-père et lui promit de ne jamais plus désobéir.



### KAMAKURA CALLS

O'er rugged path and steep ascent  
We've climbed for hours, our breath is spent.  
We rest awhile on hill-top green  
And view about the pretty scene;  
Around us spreads the countryside,  
The hills and dales spread far and wide.  
For Kamakura shores we're bound;  
We love the sea, the air, the sound  
Of dashing waves and sighing breeze,  
And the sweet scent of fresh pine trees.  
We care not for the toilsome way  
E'en tho our strength it spend,  
When we arrive, the journey's longed  
for end  
Shall all our pain repay.

W. H. Helm '26.

### HIS GRAVE

Within a woodland fresh and free  
There is a shady dell,  
Where mournful breezes gently sigh  
And toll a dismal knell.  
For in this spot of charms unseen,  
Besides the amber spring  
There is a grave, a nameless grave,  
Where linnets sweetly sing.  
And in that grave a face so sweet,  
A face so kind and mild,  
Of one, who long past thrilled to hear  
The calling of the wild.  
Amidst the trees, within the glades  
He left a sad farewell:  
A sad remembrance of the days  
When autumn leaflets fell.  
When summer wanes and autumn reigns  
I see that grave again,  
Embedded in the fallen leaves  
Within that mossy glen.  
And that is why the breezes moan  
So sad and mournfully;  
As if in awe to stir where he  
Is sleeping silently.

Kostia Kosloff '26

### THE WANDERER

Oh I have walked the earth's domain  
Across the span of years,  
Into the wilds of charms unseen,  
Like restless mountaineers.

Alone I've wandered far and wide  
Upon my lonely way,  
From east to west, from north to south,  
To distant lands away.

I've scaled the crests of icy peaks  
That meet the fleecy sky,  
I've crossed the dark and deep ravines  
Where dismal breezes sigh.

A scarlet flag I've seen the dawn  
From mountain peaks unfurled,  
And I have watched the shadows flit  
Across the sleeping world.

I've seen at dusk the silv'ry moon  
That stared with wondrous eyes,  
And mirrored in the crystal pools  
I've seen the starry skies.

My eyes have searched a tropic vale  
To glimpse a passion flower,  
And I have felt the jungle's heart  
Throb at the twilight hour.

And oft I've forded streams that swept  
White-crested thru the night,  
In wintry nights I've followed trails  
Blazed by the North Star's light.

The urge of roads I've always known  
It lured my vagrant feet,  
And oft I've blest the peaceful rest  
That wanderers find sweet.

I've sailed the seven seas afar  
Across the restless deep,  
And I have heard the tempests howl  
When tossing billows sweep.

I've felt the ocean's roaring might  
Upon her heaving breast,  
Her briny breath I sweetly breathed  
When lulled to dreamy rest.

How long I've traveled far and wide  
Across both land and sea,  
Upon my bark of battered hope,  
Of wistful destiny.

Oh I have roamed beyond recall  
In dark uncertainty,  
From day to day, from year to year  
To find a hidden key.

And this is why I've wandered far  
An outcast all alone,  
To reach a bliss that only dwells  
Beyond the golden dawn.

Then let me see that light divine  
The yearning of my soul,  
Oh now I know 't is God above  
Who is my aim and goal.

Fred Clark '27

### THE STORM

The western winds, the western clouds  
Of storm come lab'ring on;  
And in their flight they sweep the skies,  
The brilliant day is gone.

The heavens frown in somberness;  
And birds in warning cry  
Call to their young, to leave their play,  
For danger now is nigh.

The tempest rages fearfully,  
As darkness comes along.  
The light'ning flashes vividly;  
The thunder echoes long.

The rivers rise and flood the ground;  
The boiling sea rebounds  
Upon the rocks that line the coasts.  
With threatening, dreadful sounds.

The storm goes on without a stop;  
Deep horror fills each heart.  
And pride is humbled, for great fear  
The thunder claps impart.

But in the storm the faithful see  
That God still reigns on high;  
And in the thunder's call they hear  
God's voice beyond the sky.

Kostia Kosloff '26

### KAMAKURA

When it's evening—  
And o'er the western rim retreats  
The orb of day succumbed,  
And everything around is grayed,  
Now everything on darkness feasts  
Then night sets in.



Oh! marvelous sight.  
As now the queen of night ascends  
Up from the sea she gleams  
Sending quivering silver beams  
As up the murky dome it bends  
Most glorious night!

List to the call,  
As thru the trees the wind plays flute  
And moonbeams on the water shine.  
And there among sweet scented pine  
Buddha motionless and mute  
Sits guarding all.

E. Salter '26

### THE JAPANESE PILGRIM

I saw a pilgrim spent and worn  
Pursue his weary way,—  
His scanty fare upon his back—  
In the daylight's fading ray.

And on and on with halting steps  
Upon his stick he leaned  
His hoary head with sorrow bowed  
The truths of life were screened.

And this methought is how his life  
Drags on from year to year,  
From shrine to shrine his footsteps guides,  
That star of faith sincere.

How constant are his acts devout  
To gods believed divine.  
And in his heart of ignorance  
The ray of love doth shine.

### THE CROWN THAT NEVER FADES

There is a Crown that never fades  
In twinkling stars arrayed,  
It gleams in realms of paradise  
By heav'nly lights portrayed.

'Tis not a Crown of earthly mould  
That quickly melts away,  
'Tis not a wreath of laurels gay  
That droop and soon decay.

It is the Crown of glory won,  
Of actions good and kind  
Which blossoms in the starry skies  
And leaves their bloom behind.

This prize awaits the humble soul  
In sweet elysian glades,  
May God your efforts richly bless  
With the Crown that never fades.

F. Clarke '27

Oh, were the love and faith that dwells  
Within his ardent soul  
Directed to the Sovereign Lord,  
Men's only aim and goal.

Would not his love be greater still  
Would ardour ever fade?  
That learned to flame in darkness deep,  
Where pagan truths pervade?

Oh, Lord! Then guide his wand'ring steps  
Unto Thy arm of love,  
And there to sing Thy praises sweet  
In mansions high above.

Stanley Dresser '26



## THE

## A. A. A.

By Harold Mason

**S**INCE the last report in the "Forward" the A. A. A. have gone ahead with their various activities, a brief resume of which would not be out of place.

**Baseball:**—The showing of the baseball team has been excellent, and as this goes to press the average of games won and lost stands at .750, having lost but two of the eight games played so far, both of which were lost by only a single run. Up to date, their participation in the Yokohama Boyeki Shimbun League has exceeded all expectation: they won the first three rounds of games. As a result the A. A. A. now ranks among the ten best teams in Yokohama.

J. Koch is captaining the team, with H. Oberlein as Vice-Captain and L. Haum as Manager.

Some old-timers have been roped in, among whom Leon Tomeye, an Interport player of several seasons' standing, might be mentioned, for though some six or seven years have elapsed since he last played ball, he

shows the true alumni spirit in turning out and doing his bit to help along the team. We hope that the other older members will all be doing likewise before long.

The A. A. A. are now endeavouring to arrange a match with the Y. C. & A. C. Team and should be able to make a good showing if they are given an opportunity.

**Track & Field:**—Owing to the inability of the various members to do any serious training, principally because of lack of time, there was some doubt as to whether the anticipated meet with the Keio University, II Track Team, could be held. However, thanks to the assistance of the Junior Members, a very successful meet was, held on June 6th at the Nitta Grounds and though the A. A. A. lost the meet, they did exceedingly well in being able to hold their opponents' lead to only three points.

A. Dresser proved to be the high point man, with two seconds and one third and a share in the relay



points, making a total of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  points, thus leading E. W. Balden by just  $\frac{1}{2}$  points, the latter having scored one first and a second place. S. Dresser came next with a tie for 1st place in the high jump and a second place in the broad jump, and F. Schirmer fourth, having scored three points for winning the one mile.

Owing to the heavy rain during the morning, the condition of the track was not all that could be desired, hence the comparatively poor performances. However, the High Jump record was raised  $2\frac{1}{5}$ " by both S. Dresser and M. Fachtmann, and now stands at 5 ft.  $5\frac{2}{5}$  in. The Keio boys proved superior in the sprints, but the good work of Balden and Schirmer in the distance events did much to raise our score. In the field events, the two teams were more equal, with the A. A. A. having a slight edge over their opponents. The keenest competition was in the high jump, three men tying for first place.

The most thrilling race of the day was the 400 meter relay, four men running 100 meters each. Guterres ran the first lap and not only did he take out a yard or so from his rival, but he made a perfect transfer to Mason who also seemed to gain on his Keio man, but inasmuch as our men had the inside track, it was difficult to judge accurately. Kawazoe, the next man, was also going strong and appeared to be gaining, when the Keio man suddenly shot ahead and was a good three yards in the lead when A. Dresser, the anchor man, received the baton. Dresser ran very well indeed and cut the lead to about half a yard. After the race, however, it was announced that the third Keio man had accidentally run into the A. A. A.

track and was thus omitted for interference.

It is only fair to the A. A. A. team to state that they were more or less handicapped through the inability of their Captain and most versatile performer, Hans Fachtmann, to compete, owing to a badly sprained ankle. "Jimmie" had been training consistently and was all set to show his heels to the Keio boys in the sprints, but his enthusiasm must have carried him too far, for on Friday night, while practicing high jump, he landed on the edge of the pit and gave his ankle a very bad twist. All other things being equal, the A. A. A. feel confident that with their Captain at his best, he would have earned the extra couple of points required to win the meet.

Prof. D. T. Weed of Keio University kindly acted as referee, assisted by several Keio boys in the various official positions, and the medals were presented by Miss Gladys Mason, to all of whom the A. A. A. wish to express their gratitude.

A week after the Keio Meet, the A. A. A. Club Sports were scheduled to be held, but owing to the bad weather, only one official race was run off, the one mile. Though there were but two entrants, E. W. Balden and F. Schirmer, considerable interest was centered on this race as both were due to break the club record. Schirmer started off at a very fast pace, which he was able to maintain very well, but Balden who had dropped some twenty yards behind, had a strong finish and was able to catch up to Schirmer, winning by a lead of five yards or so. Both Schirmer and Balden were well under the old record, Balden's new record being 5 min.  $7\frac{1}{5}$  sec.

This closed the Track Team season for this spring and it is hoped that the members will get down to serious work in the fall as we will probably give Keio a return meet at that time. Basket-Ball:— Although no official games have been held up to date, the basket-ball team have put in a lot of time and effort to improve their game and should do well in the Kanagawa-Championship in which they are now entered. (See page 36)

Now that the Alumni Athletic Association has been firmly re-organized, we can afford to confess that the brief write-up in the last issue of the "Forward" was principally what was more ideal than real. The A. A. A. athletes are greatly handicapped through

lack of time and facilities for sufficient practice. The track men, for instance, were compelled to do a lot of their training late at night on the race-course, while the baseball players have had practices as early as 5:30 a.m.! The old boys have given us considerable support too and we are glad to announce that our membership now numbers over sixty and will, we feel sure, reach the century mark before very long.

The organization wish to take this opportunity to record their thanks and appreciation of all the assistance rendered them by the members, and especially the support given by the Director and the Faculty of St. Joseph's College.

## Correspondence

By S. Dresser '26

**Howard Robson** now attending school in Sidney, Australia, is doing splendid work. His last report shows several 100 per cents and five first places. Keep up your scholarship work Howard for we are pleased with such good reports.

**Hugo Mahr** of Seattle writes that he did not receive the last number of the Forward—and he wants one.—That's the spirit Hugo. A second one has been mailed.

**Louis Cox** writes that he is following the activities of the A. A. A. and though not present at the "roll" he wishes to have his name kept on the membership list. With such a loyal spirit, even in its absent members, the A. A. A. can count on success.

**George Weed** who carried off the Gold Medal for the highest average in his high school work at the University of Dayton will take up Chemical Engineering at the same University.

**Max Fachtmann** embarked on his business career by stepping in a vacancy in the Netherland Indese Bank in Tokyo. Our congratulations to you Max.

**A. d'Aquino** recently changed his office. He is now working with Goetz & Co., Tokyo. Keep it up "d'Aqui", you're all right.

**F. Schirmer** showed his keen interest for the College by coming all the way up from Kobe to help the Alumni in their Athletic meet with Keio.



**W. Balden** decided to leave for Canada, on June 19th and start his business life. Well, here's hoping you all possible success.

**B. S. Mehta** returned from his three years stay in India. He is now in Kobe taking up business with his father.

**L. Fachtmann** is to be highly congratulated for holding a very important position in Takata & Co., Tokyo.

**H. J. Cook** After working for a number of years in a San Francisco Bank, Hero is now located in Los Angeles and is doing well selling

life insurance. He is always glad to hear of the school's activities.

**G. de la Lande** George who has been convalescent in Yokohama for several months following the loss of his mother paid a visit to the College before his return to Kobe.

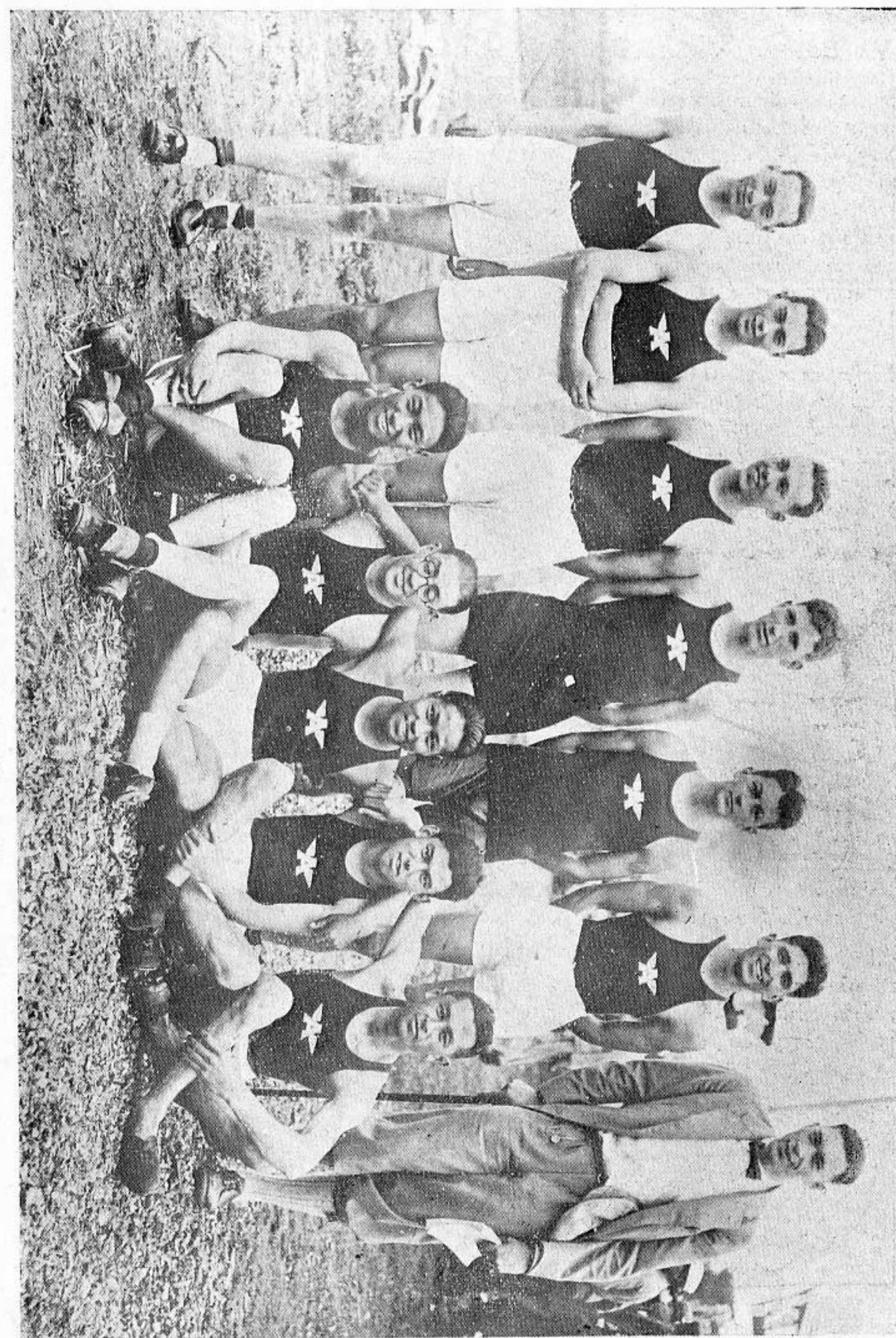
**Emil Cotte.** The M. M. Porthos brought Emil back to the scenes of his childhood and he is happy. The very first visit he made in Yokohama was to the College to greet his former teachers and renew friendship with the boys. Emil expects to return to France for his military service within the year. We wish you best of enjoyments while staying in Japan.

### A. A. A. Cagers Trounce All Opponents in Championship Series

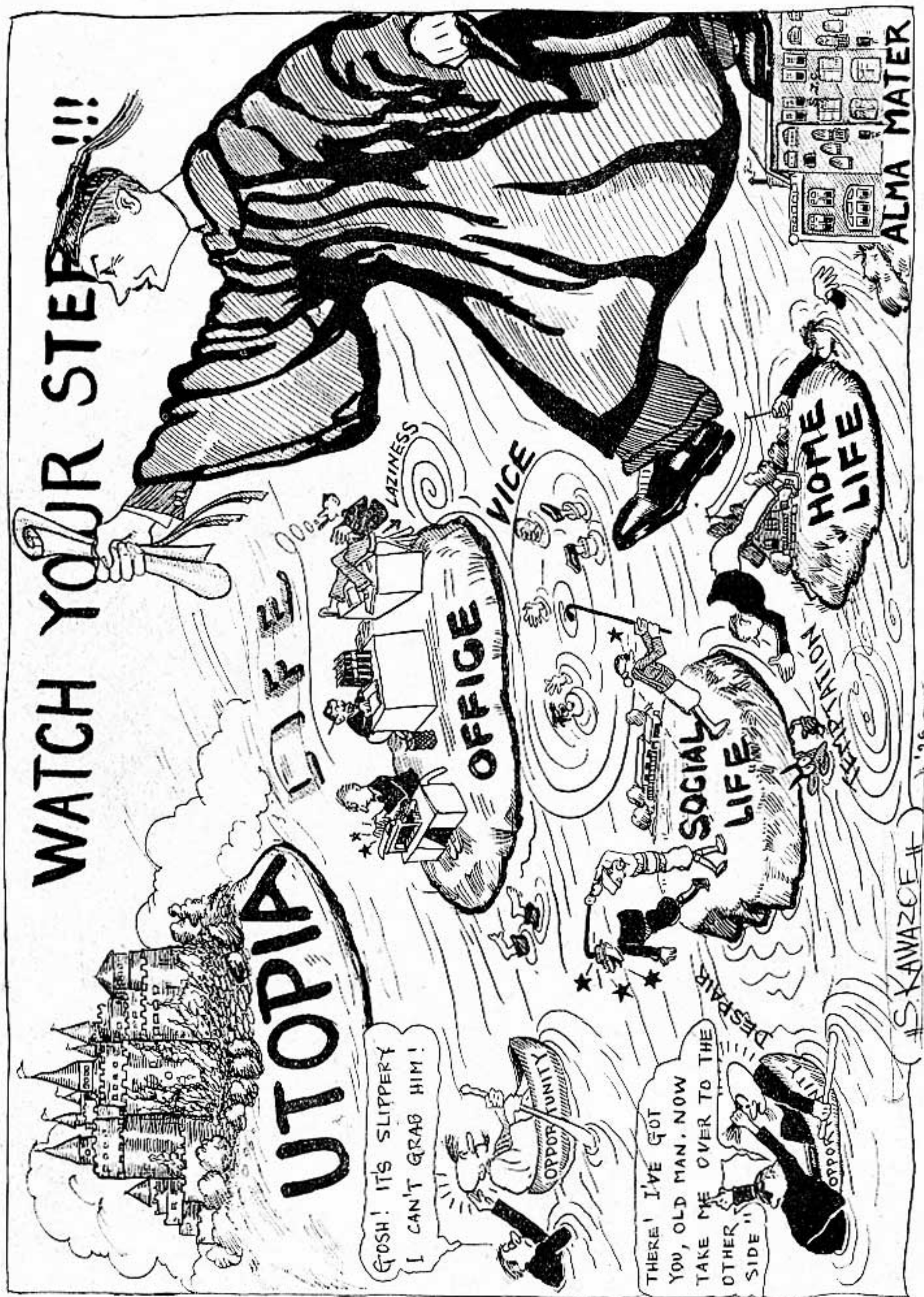
The A. A. A. quintest romped to victory by clinching the finals against the Tokiwa-cho by a score of 25-10. In the preliminaries the A. A. A. walked off with Motomachi and in the semi-finals defeated the reputed Y. M. C. A. team, considered the best in Yokohama. The semi-final tussle terminated after 2 time-overs with a score of 41-37. It was a

minor war and one of the most exciting struggles ever witnessed at the Y. M. C. A. By grappling the final honors the Alumni Athletic Association of S. J. C. is now the best ranking team of Kanagawa-ken. The players: E. Gomes, M. Fachtmann, A. Dresser, S. Dresser, I. Agafuroff, V. Kulikoff, F. Harriss, T. Hay, J. Masson, H. Walker.

Alumni Athletic Association Track Team







## IMPORTANT

This is the last issue of the Forward for the scholastic year of 1925-1926.

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## College Chronicle

By W. H. Helm

**Mr. Yamamoto** had a touching experience during one of his visits to the school yard. This spring was exceptionally windy and dusty, and while talking to his boy, Billy, a gust of dust laden wind swirled thru the yard causing no little inconvenience. Mr. Yamamoto then and there conceived the idea of installing a sprinkling system and at once offered to foot the bill.

**Mr. Miyauchi**, when hearing of the project, volunteered to stand the expense of the work entailed.

Our thanks, Messrs. Yamamoto and Miyauchi.

**The Uyeda brothers**, students of the St. Louis College of Honolulu, on their way to their home in Osaka for the vacation, visited St Joseph's College and gave the boys an interesting talk about their Alma Mater and their Paradise of the Pacific.

### Third & Fourth High Visit Silk Conditioning House.

The senior and junior classes are indebted to Messrs. Pila & Co. for knowledge gleaned while visiting their plant. The chief inspector, Mr. Gilbert who has had fifty years of experience in handling silk, explained the process of examining the silk prior to its exportation. We extend our hearty appreciation to Mr. Gilbert.

### Commander of Jules Michlet's visit.

The Commander of the "Jules Michlet" favored us with a visit, on behalf of the Admiral who was at the time indisposed.

Mr. I. Agafuroff, representing the student body, gave the welcoming speech, and by way of expressing his gratitude, the Commander asked the Director to let us have the rest of the day off. We gave three hearty cheers and dispersed for the day.



### Inspection of the "Jules Michlet".

The day after the Commander's visit, the whole high school, upon his invitation paid a visit to the French battle-ship, the "Jules Michlet." For the inspection, we divided into groups, and lead by officers spread about the ship. The gigantic guns and their mechanism, which some of the officers were kind enough to demonstrate to us afforded great interest. We were also conducted down to the torpedo room, the engine room, the power room and the work shops. In the very bowels of the ship the gyroscopic compass absorbed much of our interest.

### Visit to the Asano Portland Cement Co.

After a short train ride and a long walk, the senior and junior classes arrived at the Asano Portland Cement Co.'s plant at Kawasaki where we were accorded a cordial welcome. After an interesting half hour, during which we were given refreshments, Mr. Mitani gave up a short account of the company's history. Mr. Yunome, the foreman of the works lectured to us in detail from a blueprint and then conducted us thru the whole plant, from where the crude materials are unloaded to the finished product. We take this opportunity to thank Messrs. Mitani and Yunome.

**A Complete gymnasium outfit** has lately been installed. And now, one, two, three, four, in time with Mr. Hirota's count, dumbbells, bars or Indian clubs whirl about and above large groups of boys in the school-yard.

**Mr. Max Papendieck** presented an excellent quarter plate Contessa Nettel camera to the College. This

is filling a long felt need in the physical laboratory and serving usefully here and there on many occasions.

**Bro. Wm. Dapper** of New York sent us Yen 100 to improve the physical and chemical laboratories. Our thanks to him and to the High School Boys who contributed to make up this fine sum.

**Bro. Joseph Basta** of St. John's New York donated two very valuable dictionaries to the Library, and is still willing to make up a few of our sadly depleted shelves.

**Rev. B. O'Reilly** President of the University of Dayton, sent the College a series of scientific books which we were greatly in need of.

**Rev. Bro. M. Schleich** of Belgium sent a consignment of literary and other books to the College library, thus pushing us ahead in our ambition of building up a real College library.

**Rev. Testzlaff** of Cathedral Latin, Cleveland, has presented a set of stereopticon slides to the College. Now the lessons are more than interesting; they are attractive.

### Director's Day.

On the morning of June 23rd the students gathered to greet the Director upon his name-day. There were two pretty songs, a brilliant debate on the worthwhile of final examinations, a presentation address backed up by gifts from the students and a very interesting juggler's performance. The ceremony contributed not a little towards fostering still more that beautiful spirit of union that reigns among the S. J. C. boys.

### Choir Outing.

On June 24th, the Director's holiday, one of the school choirs with a goodly escort of other S. J. C. merry-makers, journeyed to Tsurumi Park and there had a "bloomin" good time of it at riding every imaginable means of locomotion under the sun. The ponies particularly must have had the hardest day of all their ridinghood and,—through the weather was fair—it rained torrents of crafts and blows upon them from the youthful riders they bore. Even the midget autos

seemed to groan and creak as if tired of unceasingly circling the dusty course! They surely went through all the manoeuvres of which they were capable while our young hopefuls had them by the wheel. An operetta in the afternoon provided a respite for weary limbs and over-excited nerves. Finally, after several extra rounds at the ponies for a finish and the distribution of the remainder candy, there was the departure rally. A delightful trip ended a delightful day; the picnic was pronounced a splendid success.

## Contributions

It is with a thrills of joy that we here express our sincerest thanks to the following benefactors of St Joseph's College.

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## Acknowledgment

To all contributors we extend our sincere thanks; for each, in his own sphere is doing much to increase the educational facilities of the College and for this we are doubly grateful.





## Baseball News

S. Kawazoe

### S. J. C. Bat Swingers Carry Off The Opening Encounter In A Merry-go-round Tussle.

The nine met Sanchyu on the latter's ground. From the initial to the 6th inning, the Saints dented the pill no less than 15 times, while the Japanese remained at the zero mark for registration.

The home-run trio was started off by S. Dresser who lacerated the horsehide twice over the right field, followed by those of I. Agafuroff and S. Kawazoe.

However, Sanchu gained the solitary point in the 6th turn at bat when one of their men maneuvered the circuit of the base paths, aided by a sacrifice hit and a bunt.

Final score 20-1.

### Saints Suffer Defeat In The Second Diamond Conflict.

The game against Yamashitacho took place in the down-town Park. The hard fought match started off favoring the opponents. A Dresser hurled the rubber from the 5th inning and many credits are due him for mowing down the enemy pill swatters.

Chances seemed bright when the Blue and White caught up to 14-12 in the 8th inning but in the final, however, it ended with only two Saints completing the base circuit to the opponent's one.

Score 15-14.

### Blue and White Clash Against Middle School. S. J. C. vs Kantogakuin.

The thriller of the season was played on the opponent's ground. The game was evenly played on both sides, the essential fight being carried on between the 2 pitchers. No runs favored the invaders whilst Kantogakuin summed up the fracas with 3 counters.

The unlucky trio were due to Kulikoff's error when a weak grounder slipped between his fingers and Takata's wild peg to first.

### Annual Spring Sports. Record Broken.

The mercury-footed cinderpathers of S.J.C. met on the Y.C. & A.C. ground June 1 for their 25th Annual Spring Sports.

The day dawned ideal, contrary to the general apprehension of wet weather. In the curtain-raiser, the Senior 100 yds. dash, A. Dresser breasted the tape at 11 sec. flat. S. Dresser in the high jump established a new record, improving his previous limit of 5 ft. 5 $\frac{3}{4}$  in. by 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thus bringing it up to 5 ft. 7 in. He created a furor among the turf champs when he lacerated the long jump record by denting the pit at the 20 ft. 3 in. mark. In the following events, 220 yds., 440 yds., half mile, one mile, the winners were A. Dresser, time: 25.2 sec., S. Kawazoe, time: 59 sec., M. Guterres, time: 2 min. 24 sec., E. Nielsen, time: 5 min. 35 sec. respectively. In the remaining field works, A. Dresser set a new record in the shot put with a 12 pounder, cutting the ozone at 35 ft. 6 in. mark. He failed to realize his ambition in the pole vault to heighten his old record of 10 ft. 1 in. owing to the unexpected showing of flexibility of a new bamboo pole.

The afternoon went off in a joyous spirit of hilarity. The comic races afforded great interest to the spectators. The sack race, three legged race, egg and spoon race, and cup and water race made up the program. In the sack race, we have the honor of making special mention of the "Salter Family Trio" who carried off the laurel, in three divisions. Eddie, our Senior Candy man for the occasion, calmly stepped into the potato bag in a cool, indifferent air and after the start we saw nothing but a streak of dust jump into the goal. When his name had been registered he returned to the Candy Stand, nonchalantly brushing his coat; by this time the next competitor was just about wriggling into the finish. Keeping faithfully to their big brother's example his two younger brothers finished the course likewise.





By I. Agafuroff '26

### Flaw In His Argument

"Who ate that salmon?"  
 "The cat, I guess."  
 "Bosh!"  
 "Now, everybody knows that a cat likes salmon."  
 "Yes, but a cat can't manipulate a can-opener."

### Lacked Push

"Why didn't you send your man to mend my electric doorbell, as you promised?"  
 "He did go, madam; but as he rang three times and got no answer he concluded that there was nobody home."

### The Bathroom Athlete

"Do you take exercise after your bath in the morning?" asked Perkins.  
 Jerkins:—"Yes; I generally step on the soap as I get out."

### Getting His Money

A shoemaker gave a money guarantee that his shoes would last three months. A Scotchman bought a pair, but in three weeks brought them back—in holes and completely worn out.

"That's queer," said the shoemaker. "You're the only person who has complained. Did they fit you all right?"

"Aye, but they were a wee bit tight for ma brither who works at night."

### Business Wits

Salesman (at show) This is the type of the car that pays for itself, sir.  
 Prospective Buyer—Well, as soon as it has done that you can have it delivered at my garage.

### Relatives

Edward—He claims to be related to you, and says he can prove it.  
 Edwin—The man's a fool.  
 Edward—That may be a mere coincidence.

### The Gambler

Bootlegger:—Try a sample of this stuff before you buy it.  
 Customer:—But suppose it kills me?  
 Bootlegger:—Well, it's my loss then, ain't it?

### Accused Of Lying

Caller:—Dit you say you have only one brother?  
 Youth:—Yes, madam.  
 Caller:—That's curious. Your sister told me she had two.

### A Sure Cure

"How did you cure your boy of running off to swim?"  
 "I happened to speak of swimming as bathing one day, and he immediately took an unconquerable aversion to it."

### The Piscatorial "Pish"

We columnists may dig and toil  
 Till our finger tips are sore;  
 But some "poor fish" is sure to say;  
 "I've heard that joke before."

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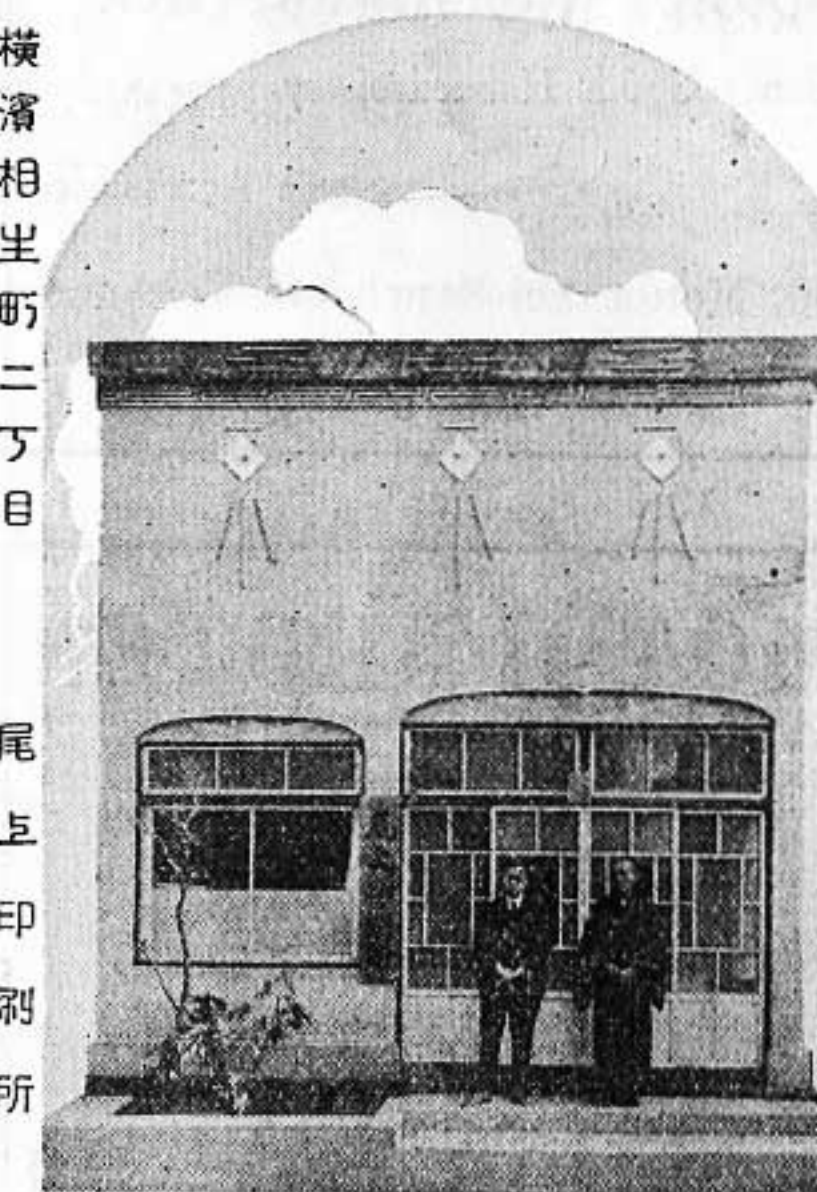
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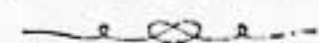
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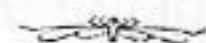
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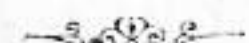
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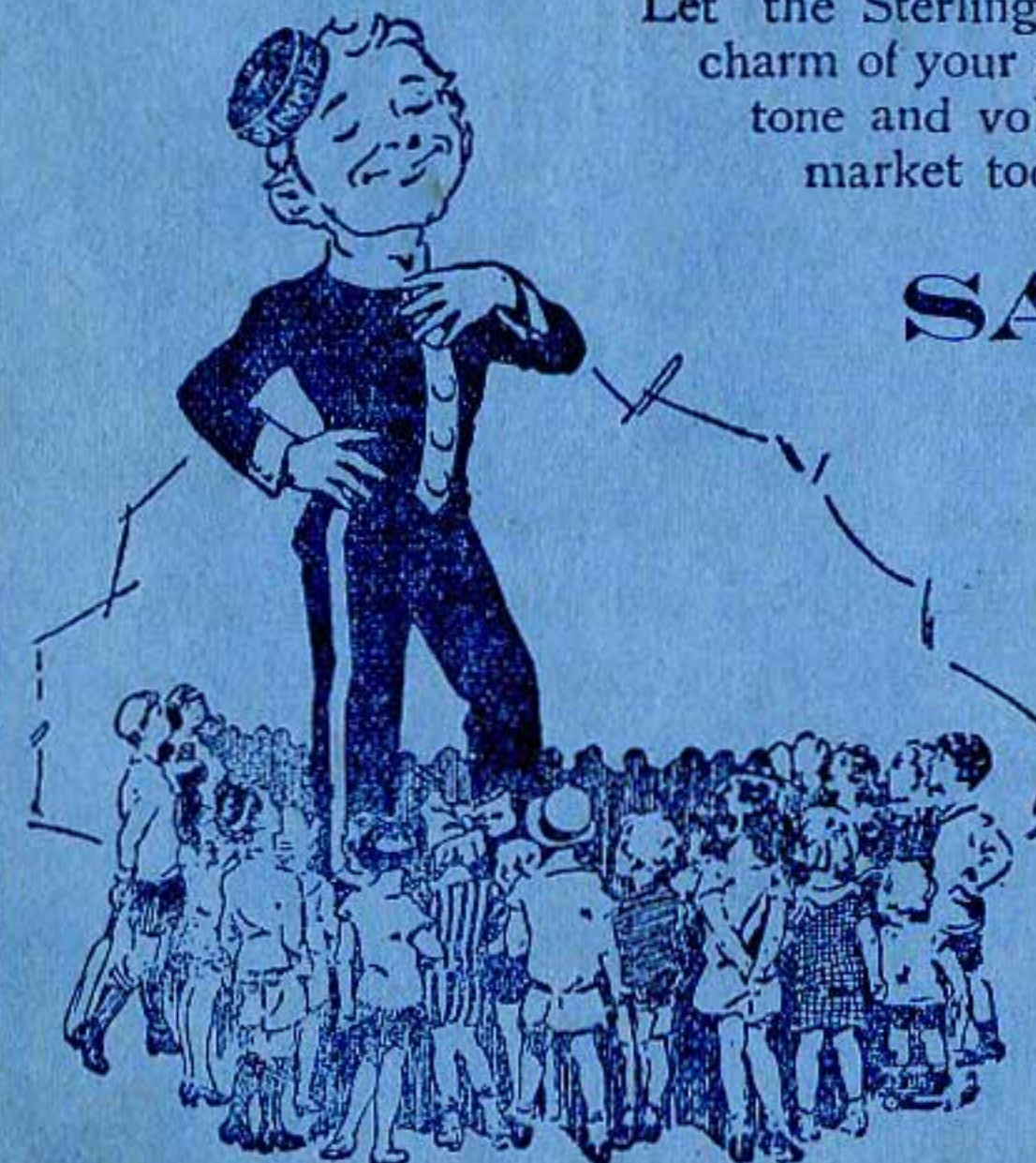
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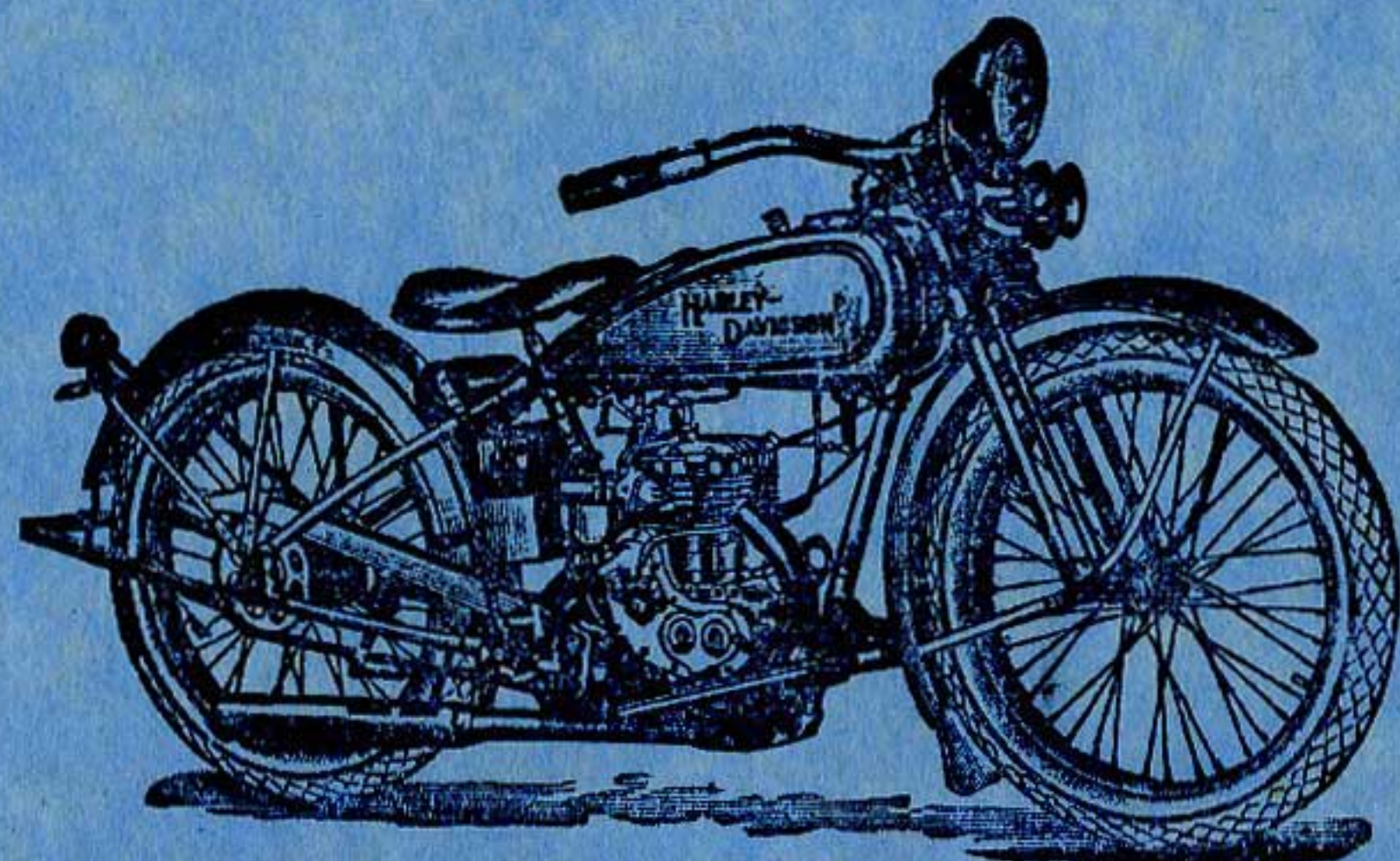


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